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E.J. Dionne, Jr.
MEDEIROS'S LETTER
The Editors
CHURCH & POLITICS

ONE DOLLAR
OCTOBER 10, 1980

Crossing the nuclear threshhold
THOMAS POWERS

Psychology's theological quantum jump
DAVID TOOLAN

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the 'catholic vote'
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Correspondence

A letter from jail

Norristown, Pa.

To the Editors: "The prophets Isaiah and Micah summon us to beat swords into plowshares. Therefore, eight of us from the Atlantic Life Community come to the [G.E.] King of Prussia, Pa. (Re-Entry Division) plant to expose the criminality of nuclear weaponry and corporate piracy. We represent resistance communities along the East Coast; each of us has a long history of non-violent resistance to war." (Statement, Sept. 9th.)

After three days of prayer, intense discussion and community building, seven of us slipped by security personnel — Carl Kabat remained in the rear vestibule to deter the guard — to enter a room entitled "Non-destructible Testing." Once there, we located components of the Mark 12A — a first-strike re-entry vehicle being presently fitted to 300 Minuteman III ICBM's (and being prepared for Trident II)—and began to convert them by hammer, into the contemporary version of plowshares and pruning hooks. We then poured our blood on damaged nose cones, classified blueprints and technical data.

G.E., the nation's fifth warmaking contractor, is also corporate master of Montgomery County, controlling 40 percent of the wealth base here. It reacted like a wounded bull, refusing bail to Dan and Phil, setting $125,000 on the others, and indicting us on thirteen charges, including eight of varying assault-unlawful restraint, terroristic threats, false imprisonment, harassment, etc. Meanwhile, the FBI prowled about witlessly, searching for the "leaks" which led us so unerringly to target.

G.E., we reflect wryly, is fairly predictable. It is currently dodging federal inquiry into lax security (several demonstrations had previously indicated sloppy security); and is, in high imperial fashion, charging us with an exact replica of its own crimes. Point by point, one could apply the indictment to specify G.E.'s exploitation and deathdealing around the world.

On Sept. 12th, Dan Berrigan, in ill health, made a bail lowered to $50,000 — a sum offered by his Jesuit brothers of the New York Province. Sister Anne Montgomery and Mrs. Molly Rush, mother of six children, are imprisoned in Berks County Jail, Reading, Pa. The rest of us receive State amenities at Montgomery County Jail in Norristown, Pa. The bail of seven of us has stabilized at $125,000, and the State promises trial within four to five months.

G.E. estimates damage at minimally $40,000. (Do cost overruns apply here as well?) As for us, we gratefully join the company of non-violent outlaws imprisoned for resistance in Virginia, California and other states — following Christ the outlaw, "We have a law, and according to that law he must die." (Jn. 19:7)

(SISTER) ANNE MONTGOMERY, R.S.C.J.
(MRS.) MOLLY RUSH
(REV.) CARL KABAT, O.M.I.
ELMER MAAS
DEAN HAMMER
JOHN SCHUCHARDT
(REV.) DAN BERRIGAN, S.J.
(REV.) PHIL BERRIGAN

Anderson & Vietnam

Rockford, Ill.

To the Editors: Mary Meehan is correct in pointing out [Sept. 12] that John B. Anderson is a member of the establishment, and a Republican, not some far-out radic-lib candidate for the presidency. Isn't that really the reason his candidacy is taken seriously, whereas other alternative candidates are ignored, even when (as usually happens) they make more sense than the major party candidates?

However, Meehan is unfair in saying that Anderson "turned against the Vietnam war when the war was nearly over." On March 11, 1968, when the Joint Chiefs were asking for additional American troops to bring the total in Vietnam to 206,000, Anderson spoke out strongly against further futile escalation, and urged instead the "secret plan" eventually pursued by the Nixon administration, after the election of 1972; i.e., "Vietnamization." In 1968, opposition to any escalation of the war was still very much anti-establishment, especially in Anderson's northern Illinois district, where flags were flown proudly throughout the war, and where financial support for politicians then depended upon their being on the right side of the war.

If Anderson had been interested only in votes and in siding with the majority of Republicans, especially those in his own district, he would have supported the war and only have opposed those who held back from destroying Vietnam so we could save it.

A. W. MICHALSON

P.S. Anderson's remarks, referred to above, appear on pages H 1816 & H 1817 of the Congressional Record, Vol. 114, No. 39, dated March 11, 1968.

Restructuring families

Englewood, N.J.

To the Editors: Jean Bethke Elshtain's brilliantly insightful and morally courageous "Family Reconstruction" [Aug. 1] does not go far enough, stopping just short before it delivers its most telling blow.

The solution to the problems of the family must be related to the cause. Economic explanations of the cause (inflation and poverty) will not suffice. In the 1930s, with one-third of the labor force unemployed and the capitalist system in a state of chaos, the family held together. In the 1970s, affluent families are in a state of anxiety because inflation means they will be unable, anymore, to heat their swimming pools, and the family, in all economic classes, is dissolving. It is not economics.

The cause of the breakdown of marriage is the fact that the demand for full equality for women is being made in a

(Continued on page 575)

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CHURCHES AND POLITICS

CONTROVERSY OVER religion and politics has been born again. From overseas the examples of John Paul II and the Ayatollah Khomeini, in their very different ways, have reminded the world of the power of religious belief. Within the Catholic church and some Protestant churches, Latin American liberation theology has restored an awareness of the political dimension of the Gospel and has sensitized many to the inevitable political implications of various church stances toward conflict within the social order, including that of "neutrality." The participation of churchmen in the Nicaraguan revolution has drawn a good bit of attention, but in fact religious leaders are prominent in struggles for human rights in every quarter of the globe—South Africa, the Soviet Union, Korea, Philippines, etc.

At home the political mobilization of evangelical Christians has finally been registered in the media, and through the media conveyed to the rest of the country, perhaps with the effect of now exaggerating, after long ignoring, the evangelicals' power. The abortion question was significant at both party conventions and provoked the most charged moments of the debate between Ronald Reagan and John Anderson. The starting point for the Anderson-Reagan exchange was, of course, Cardinal Medeiros's pastoral letter urging voters in Boston-area primaries to vote "to save our children, *born and unborn*." The candidates' statements were revelatory.

Mr. Reagan, for example, avoided direct comment on the cardinal's action but instead lamented an alleged reluctance on the part of the churches "to speak up in behalf of what they believe is proper in government." Mr. Anderson agreed with his opponent that churches have "the right to take a position on moral issues" but found that exercising this right by telling parishioners how to vote "violates the principle of separation of church and state."

Neither reply is satisfactory. Contrary to Mr. Reagan's statement, American churches have long and loudly, and often to distress from right-wing quarters, spoken out about what they believe; could it be that their failure is in not concentrating their efforts on what Mr. Reagan believes? Mr. Anderson is flat wrong, at least by any standards we know, in declaring the Medeiros letter a violation of church-state separation.

We do not think that the Boston cardinal's letter, coming as it did in the immediate context of an election, was in fact a wise and prudent action, and this quite apart from the general agreement that it failed in its apparent purpose. We do not think that the recent letter of the West German bishops was wise and prudent either. In a society where political debate is established and free, we believe that religious leaders should make statements on moral principles in such a way as to acknowledge the individual citizen's capacity and responsibility to make the often complex and delicate translation of those principles into support for a very particular candidate or

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a quite specific piece of legislation. If religious leaders are going to endorse candidates, they should clearly do so as individual citizens.

Those provisos stated, we also think that there is a great deal of overkill and confusion in the criticism of the role of churches in political life. Too many secular observers persist in a Menckenesque assumption that churchgoers are brainless yokels marching to the orders of fire-and-brimstone preachers. They should pay attention to the findings of the recent Gallup poll of evangelicals registered to vote. Compared to voters in general, slightly fewer of the evangelicals favored the death penalty for convicted murderers and slightly more (one percent in both cases) favored government efforts directed toward social problems. Secular observers should also not underrate the recognition that many church leaders make of the pluralist reality of this society. The same front-page of the Boston archdiocesan paper which carried the controversial pastoral letter also carried an "election message" that Cardinal Medeiros issued jointly with the other three Massachusetts bishops. It urged citizens to an informed vote and listed the following "major issues" that stood "beyond campaign rhetoric": abortion, capital punishment, the arms race, unemployment, energy needs, education, health care, housing, and the "right to eat." It added, "We do not presume to instruct people how to vote by endorsing candidates, nor do we seek the formation of a religious voting bloc," but it did affirm the need for citizens to "engage in public affairs from a position grounded in moral conviction and religious belief." This strikes us as a model statement; and though it was contradicted by the practical impulses of the cardinal's own letter, such an "election message," too, is part of the picture and worth noting.

Confusion arises when critics, either on the left or right, raise a general objection to "church involvement in politics" whenever they happen to disagree with the specific political position a religious body may be supporting, but see no problem (or don't see the matter as "political") whenever the political position is to their liking. Thus the ACLU sees a First Amendment violation in the results of Catholic lobbying against abortion but cites the Catholic bishops' opposition to capital punishment in congressional testimony. A more understandable source of confusion is the fact that in politics, as in literature, style and substance cannot be neatly separated. Besides the basic fact of the evangelical right's mobilization on the basis of religious conviction (which we defend) and the specific political positions it has taken (many of which we deplore), there is the problem of its simplistic style of translating scriptural texts or religious imperatives into political options, a style that does neither religion nor politics a service.

ADDRESSING one particular aspect of the relationship between religion and politics, David O'Brien argues in this issue that American Catholics must organize more effectively if they wish to see their sensibilities and general values represented in the political sphere. There are some of his conclusions we would like to second, others that may require qualification. It is certainly necessary, for instance, that the episcopal leadership devise means for its pastoral statements to be actually communicated down to the parish level and to the public generally. On the other hand, O'Brien may underestimate the divergence of views within American Catholicism and the problem of respecting this divergence. The formulation "economically and socially liberal/culturally conservative" may be very broadly true as a description of U.S. Catholics, but such an aggregate characterization covers sharp differences, to look at only the cultural side of the formula, over the pace of change in sex roles or the degree to which fetal protection or woman's rights ought to be backed by statutes or constitutional amendment.

It is because of this divergence that even the clearest of church statements usually have "escape" clauses. And we wonder whether some of the clarity and consensus recently obtained at the national level by the church was in fact only obtained *because* bishops were aware of how narrow an audience these statements had in any case. More effective promulgation might also mean blander statements.

That is why O'Brien's other recommendations are so important: the actual presence of the church in those social milieus where our unfinished work as a society seems most apparent; the building of communities; and the fostering of the values and virtues that are needed for political life. Statements and organizational efforts explicitly directed toward political issues, no matter how efficiently communicated or coordinated, will always be limited by the political heterogeneity of Catholics. That needn't be the case when it is simply a matter of building awareness, through the church's direct experience, of the need for justice, and of developing the capacities to act politically. The latter, it seems to us, are what should be emphasized.

How broad or narrow is the Catholic church's political involvement? Consider the Boston *Pilot* issue one week after the Medeiros letter.

Front-page stories: Anti-abortion statement by the pope encourages the movement to repeal Italy's abortion law. Bolivian bishops charge the new military regime with murder, torture, and detentions. A U.S. Catholic Conference representative criticizes the FCC's plan to "deregulate" radio.

Other reports: A USCC official testifies before Congress on human rights violations in South Korea. A Los Angeles bishop and twenty-nine priests announce support for the J.P. Stevens boycott. The Cleveland diocese reaffirms its policy of closing Catholic schools to students avoiding the desegregation of public schools. Cardinal Konig visits the USSR; Ronald Reagan visits Cardinal Krol. Chile's bishops criticize the fairness of the Pinochet regime's plebiscite. Campaign for Human Development gives $6 million to low-income groups fighting the causes of poverty. On the editorial page: a defense of Cardinal Medeiros and a "guest column" affirming the political and economic rights of the poor.

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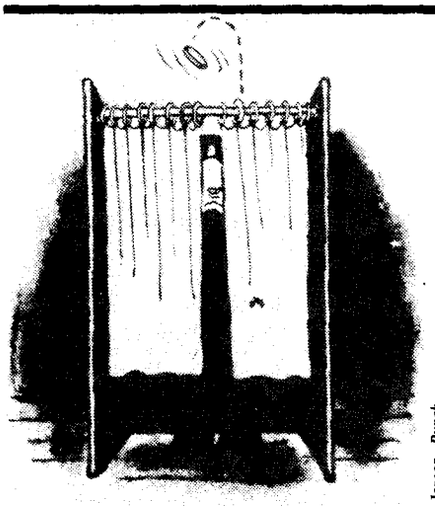
IN 1980, NO PLACE TO GO



Jenson, *Punch*

The 'Catholic vote'

DAVID J. O'BRIEN

For Catholics, 1980 is a rough political year. Whatever their persuasion, Catholics are finding it hard to locate a presidential candidate for whom they can vote with conviction. Only Senator Kennedy spoke to the traditional bread-and-butter economic concerns of many Catholic voters. His followers, successful in reshaping the Democratic party's economic platform, still have to strain to accept its candidate. President Carter, as ambivalent on abortion today as he was in 1976, seems to have abandoned the Democratic party's long commitment to the interests of working-class, ethnic Americans. John Anderson, even more hostile to Catholic sensibilities on abortion and school aid, remains fundamentally Republican on economic issues. Ronald Reagan is a vocal opponent of abortion, to be sure, but even hardened right-to-lifers must have qualms about his nationalism and militarism, while his pro-life credentials are tarnished by his record as governor of California. To be sure, the "Catholic vote" is perceived in different ways by different people, and thereby assimilated to the political "myths" identified with various points on the political spectrum. To some the "Catholic vote" means the cultural conservatism, centered around opposition to abortion and sexual permissiveness, that the New Right sees as the basis of a new majority; or alternatively it means the blue-collar worker's modest aspirations and steady work ethic, dear to neoconservatives; or yet again it means the working-class liberalism so often taken for granted by Democratic leaders. But in almost any version, in 1980 the "Catholic vote" has no place to go.

In the 1960s Catholics were still reliable participants in the Democratic majority. While many backed Eugene McCarthy or Robert Kennedy in the 1968 primaries, 59 percent eventually cast their ballots for Hubert Humphrey, a sharp drop from the 76 percent who voted for Lyndon Johnson, but above the 56 percent who voted for Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and the 49-51 percent who voted for him in 1956. Richard Nixon's 33 percent in 1968 was 11 percent above his vote in 1960; George Wallace gained another 8 percent of the Catholic vote. The Democratic majority held firm, but pressing issues of war, racism, and poverty threatened to divide Catholics as they did other traditional voting blocs. Political analysts spoke warmly of a new majority, uniting Republicans, southern Democrats, and ethnic Catholics weaned from their Democratic loyalties by the so-called cultural issues: drugs, crime, busing, abortion, permissiveness.

Richard Nixon took note of all this and began actively courting Catholic voters. Daniel P. Moynihan presented the president's welfare reform package, designed in part to bridge the gap between social liberalism and cultural conservatism. As opposition to the president's Vietnam policies mounted, Nixon tried to divert attention to divisive cultural issues by praising "hard hats" and associating with supposed working-class heroes like Philadelphia's Mayor Frank Rizzo and Teamster leader Frank Fitzsimmons. Jesuit John McLaughlin was added to the White House staff, while speechwriter Patrick Buchanan sought out Catholic conservatives. As the 1972 campaign approached, Nixon stepped up these efforts. He addressed the 1972 convention of the National Catholic Educational Association and promised aid to parochial schools; Mayor Rizzo and Philadelphia's John Cardinal Krol joined him on the Atlantic City convention platform. Nixon wrote an open letter to Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York, proclaiming his opposition to abortion and praising Cooke for working so hard for "the right to life of literally hundreds of thousands of unborn children." At the GOP convention in Miami, Cardinal Krol, then president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, delivered the benediction on the last night and stood arm in arm with Nixon and Spiro T. Agnew singing "God Bless America."

Nixon's open campaign for the Catholic vote drew considerable media attention and aroused active efforts to check the erosion of loyalty to the Democrats. Michael Novak took leave of his teaching post to campaign against the president. With a note of desperation, he called for "thousands of Catholic

DAVID J. O'BRIEN teaches history at the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts.

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speakers, organizers, and canvassers who will concentrate upon Catholic neighborhoods and make people aware of their personal concern that the vote in November be Democratic and for McGovern." His own candidate, Sargent Shriver, failed in his bid for the nomination, but when Shriver later joined the ticket to replace another Catholic, the ill-fated Thomas Eagleton, Novak joined Shriver's campaign as a speechwriter, though he was privately pessimistic about Democratic chances. Catholics in the peace and justice movements were also active. Peace bishop Thomas Gumbleton endorsed McGovern while the Catholic Committee on Urban Ministry committed itself to McGovern's election. McGovernites had no bishop of the prominence of Krol in their camp, but they could and did quote extensively from church teachings in their struggle to defeat the president. However, the failure of their candidate to communicate his views on economic issues effectively, and his perceived association with radicals, feminists, advocates of abortion, and enemies of heavily Catholic urban political machines, all but insured that many Catholic voters would cast their ballots, however reluctantly, for the Republicans, many for the first time. On election day 53 percent of the Catholic voters did so, giving the Republicans their first clear majority among Catholics in almost fifty years.

FOLLOWING THE 1972 election a vigorous political debate took place in the Catholic press. Andrew Greeley, who had been appalled by the 1972 Democratic convention's rebuff to Mayor Richard Daley, documented the continued progressiveness of Catholic opinion on economic and social issues and warned that revival of a Democratic majority would require closer attention to the economic interests and religious and cultural sensitivities of ethnic Catholics. Monsignor Geno Baroni's National Center for Urban Ethnic Affairs spearheaded the ethnic revival and attempted to redirect attention toward coalition-building among poor and working-class Americans. Novak went furthest, despairing of the major parties and calling for a new "Christian Democratic party—or at least a caucus within the major parties." All three agreed that Catholics should not accept the alternatives offered by Nixon and a Democratic party they saw as dominated by McGovernites and hamstrung by a new quota system of delegate selection which they feared would isolate urban working-class voters in future party conventions.

Novak argued that Catholics should organize around a "politics of neighborhood and family" marked by respect for cultural diversity and economic reform to support family life and neighborhood institutions. Novak, Greeley, and Baroni wanted to retain the traditional Catholic commitment to economic and social justice while insisting on civil rights for minorities and attention to the legitimate concerns of Catholics with abortion, crime, and neighborhood preservation. Conservatives like James Hitchcock, on the other hand, ignored economic and civil rights matters and pushed a "Catholic agenda" of family issues, aid to parochial schools, and opposition to abortion. Conservatives were less concerned with the loss of Catholic power than the fact that the many Catholic politicians who did hold public office paid little attention to the interests and values of their fellow Catholics. On the far left, the remnants of the Catholic peace movement similarly ignored coalition-building and pushed another Catholic agenda of peace, disarmament, and human rights, calling for a religiously based politics of resistance, even if it meant sectarian isolation from the central institutions of the policy-making process.

Baroni's Center gradually won greater consideration for neighborhood concerns, but there was no other significant organizational advancement among Catholics in these years. No leaders emerged to focus Catholic concerns, and no one succeeded in organizing a structure to insure some Catholic impact on political events. The same was true of the surprising political activism of the bishops in the years between 1972 and 1976. Under the vigorous leadership of Bishop James Rausch, the episcopal secretariat, the United States Catholic Conference (USCC), won adoption by the bishops of progressive policy positions on a wide range of domestic and foreign policy issues and regularly offered testimony before Congress. Stimulated by the hard working staff of their Office of International Justice and Peace, the bishops took strong stands in favor of arms reduction, a more humane food policy, and human rights in nations like Chile and Rhodesia. On the domestic side, the bishops backed the food stamp program, called for health insurance and decent housing as a matter of right, endorsed gun control, and opposed capital punishment, all positions far in advance of national policy and opinion. In "The Economy: Human Dimensions," published in 1975, the hierarchy emphasized full employment as the goal of national policy and specifically rejected arguments that inflation could be resolved by reducing programs designed to meet human needs.

At the same time, the bishops were mobilizing to fight abortion and assist passage of a human life amendment to the Constitution. Their "Pastoral Plan on Pro-Life Activities" linked abortion to other life-and-death issues like nuclear weapons, capital punishment, and world hunger, but notable cardinals and archbishops left little doubt that abortion was their number-one issue. Critics noted that the active effort by the bishops to broadcast the Catholic stance on abortion and their forward action to eliminate it contrasted with the lack of action which invariably followed publication of their progressive statements on other national issues.

ONCE AGAIN, as the 1976 election approached, it was clear that Catholics would be a crucial constituency. If President Ford could hold the majority captured by Nixon in 1972, he had an excellent chance of re-election. Jimmy Carter, in trying to restore the Democratic majority, clearly needed the crucial Catholic vote in the industrial states of the northeast and north-central regions of the country. Given the need of both candidates for Catholic support, it seemed an excellent opportunity to exert real influence on party platform and election positions.

To take advantage of this unique opportunity, and to assist

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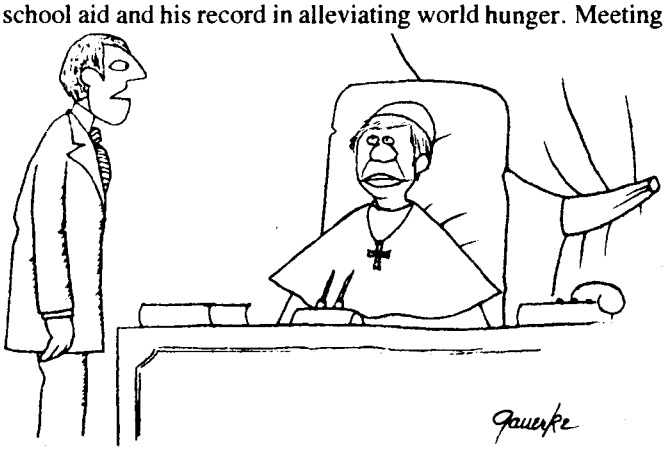
Catholics in making their choices, the staff of the United States Catholic Conference prepared, and the bishops approved, a major statement on "Political Responsibility in an Election Year." The bishops argued that they had a responsibility to participate in shaping the public moral consensus and in encouraging voters to consider the moral issues involved in their choice of policies and candidates. After insisting on the obligation of intelligent, reflective participation in the election, the bishops reiterated positions they had taken during the previous four years: support for a constitutional amendment to end abortion; for arms control, and human rights, and humane food programs; for full employment, income security, adequate medical care, decent housing, and equal educational opportunity. Bishop James Malone of Youngstown, Ohio, appeared on behalf of the bishops before the platform committees of both parties to present the Catholic church's position on all these issues.

When the Democratic party convened in July, it adopted a platform plank supporting freedom of choice on abortion. Archbishop Joseph Bernardin of Cincinatti, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB), denounced the plank and called candidate Jimmy Carter's position supporting it "deeply disturbing." The Republican platform opposed abortion, a position Bernardin called "timely and important." Bernardin offered to meet with the candidates; and in late August, he, Malone, Cardinal Cooke, Coadjutor Bishop John Maguire of New York, and John Cardinal Carberry of St. Louis called on Carter. In a prepared statement Bernardin challenged Carter on the abortion issue while noting that the Democratic platform "addressed well" other issues of concern to the bishops. Following the meeting, Bernardin told the press that the bishops "continued to be disappointed" that Carter would not support a constitutional amendment.

A few weeks later the same group met with President Ford at the White House. This time their prepared statement made specific reference to hunger, arms control, human rights, and equal educational opportunity, but emphasized that the central issue was abortion. Ford released his own letter, supporting an amendment which would allow states to determine whether abortion would be allowed, and indicating his support for school aid and his record in alleviating world hunger. Meeting



"I'm sorry, Mr. President, but we ran it through PR and it didn't work."

the press after the meeting, Bernardin said the bishops were "encouraged that the president agrees with us on the need for a constitutional amendment," although he admitted under questioning that they "were not totally satisfied" with the states' rights approach.

The contrast between the words "disappointed" and "encouraged" sparked a fire storm of controversy in the press, with many commentators stating flatly that the bishops had all but endorsed Ford. The apparent partisanship of the bishops' president, Bernardin, and his executive committee, led a number of bishops of the administrative committee of the NCCB as well as a number of USCC staffers, to push for clarification. Following a closed door meeting of the administrative committee, Bernardin again met the press. In a statement prepared on behalf of the committee, he attempted to correct "public misperceptions" of the bishops' position. "Abortion and the need for a constitutional amendment to protect the unborn are among our concerns," Bernardin stated. "So are the issues of unemployment, adequate educational opportunity for all, an equitable food policy . . . the right to a decent home and health care, human rights around the globe, intelligent arms limitation, and many other social justice issues." To give weight to these words, the press was handed a long document prepared by the USCC comparing positions taken by the bishops on a variety of issues with those of the major party platforms. If quantity alone were considered, it was clear that the Democrats would win hands down.

Not surprisingly, neither the document nor Bernardin's clarifying statement received anything like the attention given the earlier meetings with the candidates. Carter and Ford, for their part, continued to seek Catholic votes. Earlier, following the convention, Carter had given Catholic columnist Jim Castelli an exclusive interview in which he said: "I do not favor a constitutional amendment which would prohibit abortion or which would give states local option. But I think abortion is wrong and that government ought not ever do anything to encourage it." On August 30, Joseph Duffy, a Carter staffer, wrote a large number of Catholic leaders a letter indicating Carter's position on a variety of issues and including a text of the Castelli interview and several friendly columns by Catholic commentators. In addition, the letter contained a document comparing USCC positions and those of the Democratic platform, a text remarkably similar to that distributed at the Bernardin press conference two weeks later. Baroni and the staff of his Center were consulted by the Carter campaign, and Terry Sundy, formerly with the USCC, joined the Carter entourage. A major speech supporting the family, visits to heavily Catholic neighborhoods, and an increasing emphasis on bread-and-butter economic issues, all indicated Carter's preoccupation with Catholic voters.

Conservative Catholics disliked Carter's ambiguity on abortion, but they also knew that Ford had done little to end Medicaid-funded abortions. Reporters found Catholic voters sympathetic to Carter on economic and urban policy but made wary by his Southern style, his obvious lack of ease with urban working-class voters, and the absence of enthusiastic public

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backing by major urban political leaders. On the other hand, Ford's economic conservatism was obvious and Catholic voters' experience with Nixon had made them equally suspicious of the appeal to cultural issues. Nonetheless, on the weekend before the election, pollsters found Catholics still leaning toward the Republicans, 46-45. Over the weekend, the undecideds nationally swung to Carter, and in the end he captured 55 percent of the Catholic vote. The swing was most pronounced among ethnics, with Italians, for example, moving from 58-42 support for Nixon in 1972 to 57-43 support for Carter in 1976. Uneasy and reluctant Catholic voters ended by reaffirming their traditional ties with the Democrats. As analyst Andrew Greeley noted later, however, older voters tended to retain their past allegiances; it was younger voters who swung from the Republicans to the Democrats. They were, according to Greeley, less an independent than an unmobilized generation, still uncertain of its political role and torn between economic liberalism and social and cultural conservatism.

SINCE 1976, a number of things have happened to make the Catholic choice even more difficult to project. As president, Jimmy Carter has been remarkably insensitive to Catholic concerns. Zbigniew Brzezinski is the only prominent Catholic on the White House staff; the most significant Catholic Cabinet member, Joseph Califano, was dumped half way through the term. While Carter has been attentive to the concerns of many minorities, he has shown almost no interest in the abortion issue or parochial school aid, while his White House Conference on Families served mainly to irritate many Catholic participants. More important, his economic policies run directly counter to the historic liberalism of Catholic voters. It is doubtful that the appointment of Edmund Muskie as Secretary of State will compensate for the administration's unusual neglect of Catholic interests and sensibilities.

Anti-abortionists, far from content with Ford in 1976, have seen their organizations grow more conservative since then, and evidence suggests that this trend has narrowed rather than broadened their appeal. The Reagan campaign, with its platform endorsing a pro-life amendment to the Constitution, will test the single-issue strategy of conservative Catholics in the right-to-life movement. For those attracted to that strategy, there is no alternative to the Republicans, but the price of that vote in terms of other issues will be very high.

As for the bishops, they will undoubtedly be more circumspect this year. They did issue another statement on "political responsibility," decrying the decline of respect for the political process and reiterating their advanced positions on domestic and international issues. At the same time, they warned of the perils of single-issue politics, angering their pro-life supporters. Unfortunately, the 1980 statement has received even less attention, within and without the Catholic community, than its 1976 predecessor. So far, the most notable Catholic event of the campaign was the suppression of Father Robert Drinan. The fact that no bishop came to his defense, and that none indicated that this might represent an unwise and inappropriate intrusion of Rome into the political process, seems to suggest there are clear limits to the bishops' concern with the vitality and integrity of democratic politics. In any case, Archbishop John Quinn of San Francisco, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, is far less political than Archbishop Bernardin. While he has challenged the episcopal conference to deal more directly with problems of global responsibility, he will without doubt be extracautious in his public statements during this election year.

The bishops have continued to take advanced positions on a variety of public issues, and organizations like Network, the Center of Concern, and the National Conference of Catholic Charities are actively promoting these positions before the Congress. In her recently published *Catholics and American Politics* (Harvard University Press, 1979), Mary Hanna notes the great amount of lobbying activity by Catholic groups on a range of issues far greater than in the past. She finds that Catholic elected officials are aware of this activism but only rarely do such efforts influence the positions that they take. For those of the left or right who would like to see Catholics use their strategic position to forward church interests or Christian values in the political process, Hanna's conclusion suggests moderation:

> Catholic status may have been achieved to some extent at least by a denial of specialized group aims. . . . Now that they have gained this status, some elements of the church would seem ready to use it to pursue specifically Catholic economic and value goals. How forcefully they will or can do that and how such efforts will affect future Catholic status, even group unity, are still open questions.

Andrew Greeley and Michael Novak continue to argue convincingly that Catholics are conservative on cultural issues and liberal on social and economic issues. Accordingly, any progressive political coalition is simply going to have to include Catholics; to attract Catholics, however, liberals will have to abandon their militant secularism and their disdain for ethnic and Catholic values; there was little evidence of such accommodation in the Kennedy campaign or at the New York convention. The reluctance of liberals to accommodate Catholic concerns is further evident in the phenomenon of John Anderson, whose clear-cut support for abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment, and other liberal causes effectively isolates him from mass Catholic support. To the extent that liberals follow Anderson, they are separating themselves from an indispensable component of any truly progressive majority in the United States.

The present situation and Hanna's analysis also confirm the arguments of Catholic conservatives like James Hitchcock that the very success of Catholics like Hugh Carey and Jerry Brown in winning has been accomplished by accepting liberal standards and abandoning specifically Catholic concerns. Catholics are impotent, because they are unorganized; powerless because they do not use power to force major political institutions and leaders to address their concerns and respect their symbols. Hitchcock accordingly advocates a reorganized Catholic

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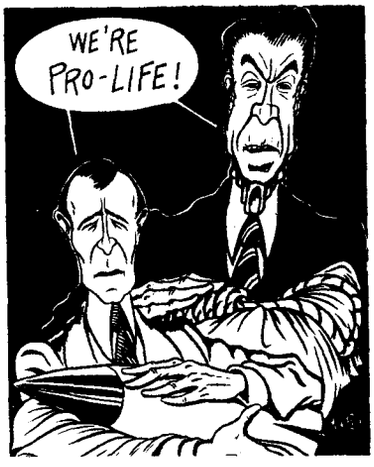
political constituency which would be built around opposition to abortion, support for the family, and aid to private education. His position, like that of the increasingly conservative pro-life leadership, is flawed by its failure to recognize or respond to the essentially progressive position of most Catholics on matters of economic policy, civil rights, and world peace.

At the other extreme, the bishops' political responsibility statements, and the many statements on specific issues on which they are based, do in fact speak directly to the economic interests and liberal ideals which predominate among Catholics. Unfortunately these positions are often placed at one remove from the abortion issue. Only slowly has the USCC begun to take full notice of family life, crime, drugs,



and other cultural issues which concern Catholics, and little has been done to integrate these concerns into a political philosophy or strategy that can unite large numbers of Catholics. If the Catholic community at large has not successfully overcome the division between the anti-abortion and social justice movements, neither have the bishops.

Equally important, while the bishops have approved and funded programs designed to familiarize Catholics with the church's stand on abortion and mobilize support for that position, they have done nothing similar on peace and justice issues. No strategy or pastoral plan for education, no strategy of action, has accompanied the political responsibility statements; like the many specific statements on which they rest, they remain unread, even unnoticed. This paralysis was recognized by the bishops' committee established to implement the pastoral plan on justice that arose out of the 1976 Call to Action conference; the committee was led to plan a national meeting to forward implementation of the 1975 statement on "The Economy: Human Dimensions." Ironically that very economy has forced cutbacks in USCC staff and budgets which endanger plans for that meeting.

WHAT LESSONS can be drawn from all this? First of all, no acceptable political options for Catholics will develop unless Catholics help create them. In this, conservatives like Hitchcock are essentially correct: the absence of acceptable political alternatives derives as much from the lack of organized Catholic political action as from popular hostility to Catholic concerns. In fact, polls show that Catholic cultural concerns—including opposition to abortion—and liberalism on economic policies enjoy widespread popular support. In the past, Catholic activists could await the emergence of an acceptable progressivism in society at large and then build bridges to it from the Catholic community. It is unrealistic to expect any longer that, somehow, events will produce acceptable political alternatives. Instead, Catholics must define issues and develop strategies in ways that build support among Catholics and win allies beyond the church. To do so, they will have to respect the dynamics of pluralist democracy and learn to use the vehicles available in pluralist politics. Here again, the abortion issue, touching as it does on both profoundly Christian values and serious matters of the common life, provides a crucial test of Catholic readiness to get serious about political responsibility.

Catholics must then define more clearly the specific political roles they are to play as a church, as a community, and as an association of citizens. As a church, they can and should seek to shape the public moral consensus, by addressing public concerns from the distinctive perspective of their faith tradition. While all Catholics have the right and responsibility to participate in this process, they can expect their bishops to take leadership here. To do so effectively, the bishops, in their turn, must consult their people, including politicians and social activists; be attentive to the moral insights derived from the church's own pastoral experience; listen carefully to their theologians and social scientists; and avoid confusing dialogue about public values with lobbying for the church's distinctive positions.

Once the bishops have developed a clear position on the moral dimensions of an issue, as they have on arms limitation, they need to use the vehicles of public dialogue with far more sophistication. Both print and video journalists show remarkable interest in the church and its bishops; rarely is that interest capitalized upon to inform the public of the basis and implications of church teaching on matters of public significance. More open, professional, and creative public relations work at the USCC and NCCB would be a good place to start.

As a community the church participates in the political process by its very work as a church, creating communities of faith in which values are affirmed and people are empowered. In assisting the poor and ministering to those in need, the church helps people articulate and pursue their own needs and values in the wider society. The long Catholic tradition of support for community organization, now represented in the work of the Campaign for Human Development, for example, has indirect political impact by providing people with substantial needs with the means to pursue their interests in the framework of pluralist politics. More generally, the ordinary pastoral work of the church should awaken in all Catholics a sense of their power to share in building a world in which the dignity of the human person is recognized and protected.

If, indeed the Gospel can be identified with the "amazing good news" of the dignity and worth of the human person, as

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Pope John Paul II argues in *Redemptor Hominis*, then the very existence of the church in parishes, schools and apostolic movements is both a witness to the possibility of justice and peace, a standing challenge to the rich and powerful, and a network of centers for forming and supporting citizens committed to a constant struggle to transform society so all persons share fully in political, economic, and cultural life.

Clearly, episcopal pronouncements, consultations among Catholics, and effective pastoral work alone will not accomplish that objective. More deliberate, strategic action is needed. Catholics are prominent and active at all levels of American politics. The church is present in the midst of every pressing issue confronting the nation, in urban centers and suburban developments, among the Black and Hispanic poor, in unions, in Appalachia, in voluntary agencies and movements of all kinds, Catholic and non-Catholic. Is it inconceivable that forums could be created within the church, through universities or religious institutes, for the exchange of information and development of common strategies? Could not Network be developed into a larger, even more effective lobbying agency on a number of selected issues, on the model of the Friends Committee on National Legislation? Might not leaders of Catholic organizations and movements convene occasionally to discuss priorities for national action, like the leaders of major Jewish organizations? Could ways not be found to give the networks of Catholic Charities and the Campaign for Human Development more direct access to elected officials as church leaders, so that a start might be made toward formulating a coherent political agenda of wide popular appeal? Bishops might stimulate and support such initiatives, but they should be independent; bishops should concentrate on the public moral dialogue and the continuing renewal of pastoral work, gradually developing a pastoral and sensitive approach to incorporating Christian civics into ordinary church life.

FINALLY AND MOST importantly, the church insists upon the obligation of its lay members to participate in the political process, and it should assist and support that participation in its pastoral work. Father Drinan's political demise is to be regretted not because it is a good thing for priests to hold public office, but because in a time when the political process itself stands in low esteem, as the bishops themselves emphasized in their 1980 election statement, Drinan stood as a symbol of the necessary connection between faith and politics. Equally important, by his active acknowledgement of political accountability in his district, Drinan pointed to the possibility of a political renewal which would engage the interest and enthusiasm of citizens by granting them real power over the selection of candidates and the selection of issues to be emphasized by elected officials. In pursuing issues like reform of the criminal code and human rights in Latin America, Drinan challenged the people of his district to go beyond their own narrow interests and he provided an example of a public official guided by something more than polls or voter analysis.

(Continued on page 556)

THE SCARLET LETTER

QUESTIONS FOR CATHOLIC LIBERALS

E. J. DIONNE, JR.

LIBERAL AND RADICAL CATHOLICS have long insisted that church leaders have been too timid in making known the political and social imperatives of the Gospel. Early last month, one church leader, Humberto Cardinal Medeiros of Boston, chose to move himself, and therefore the church, into the thick of things political. He issued a pastoral letter warning that legislators who supported legalized abortion shared in the guilt and blame involved in abortion. And so too, he insisted, did voters who supported such politicians. The cardinal's letter was issued the week before a Democratic primary election in Massachusetts, an election in which two liberal Democrats were fighting more conservative opponents whose stands on abortion more closely comported with those of the cardinal. Both Congressman Jim Shannon and State Representative Barney Frank, heroes of the Massachusetts liberal community, survived the cardinal's attack, and — given Massachusetts' love affair with the Democratic party — both are likely to find themselves in Washington come January, 1981.

And particularly in Frank's case, it appeared that the cardinal's letter did more to help than hurt. Analyzing the election results in the *Boston Globe*, Chris Black noted that while voter turnout in Catholic cities like Fitchburg and Gardner dropped, turnout in liberal and heavily Jewish areas like Brookline and Newton rose sharply. In the other key race, Shannon — who is Catholic — scored heavily in the liberal suburbs; held his own in the larger Catholic industrial cities; and in Lawrence, his home town, won by a substantial margin. In Andover, one hundred Shannon supporters showed up in their parish church the Sunday before the primary wearing Shannon buttons as a silent protest against the cardinal's statement. Shannon won, in short, because a lot of Catholics chose to vote for him.

The cardinal's letter has quite properly caused a major stir both inside and outside the church. Liberals, particularly of the secular variety, were quick to charge that the cardinal had violated some boundary that is supposed to exist between the church and politics. Howard Phillips, the head of the Conservative Caucus, said with glee that the cardinal had joined the Moral Majority. The problem

E.J. DIONNE, JR., *is a frequent contributor to* Commonweal.

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with a lot of the arguments in the controversy is that they beg too many questions. Is it reasonable for liberals, who have attacked the church for its political quietism on matters of war and social injustice, to turn around and attack the cardinal for choosing to take a political stand on an issue where the church's position has been so clear? Is it right for the church, whose stands on matters of social justice have been quite clearly opposed to those of the New Right, to intervene against candidates who agree with the church's outlook on most issues save abortion? What is the church—and its progressive constituency—to do?

Before going on, I should acknowledge a personal interest in all this. Jim Shannon is both a friend and someone I regard as a model of what a young liberal Congressman should be about. Shannon has kept faith with his party's commitment to the less well-off, while his liberalism is rooted in the needs of his working-class constituents in Lowell and Lawrence. Politics aside, I was naturally unhappy that a friend's political career might be endangered by the actions of a church leader I admire very much.

And make no mistake: Cardinal Medeiros is in no way the distant, conservative cleric who plays such a large part in liberal Catholic demonology. He is, first of all, a warm and generous man who has quite consciously eschewed a regal lifestyle. During the school busing controversy in Boston, he insisted that the church's school system not be used as a vehicle for thwarting integration. And as a bishop in Texas, he was on the side of poor farmworkers seeking justice.

Liberal Catholics who object to the Medeiros letter ought to think carefully about their reasons. Some liberals in the church simply disagree about the abortion issue itself, seeing various exceptions to its prohibition as morally permissible. Others accept without qualification the church's moral teaching on abortion but doubt whether it can prudentially be reflected in American law. And still others support both moral and legal opposition to abortion but do so as part of a broad "pro-life" agenda that also includes opposition to capital punishment and the arms race and support for domestic and international aid to the poor.

What unites all these Catholic liberals is a belief that the church has no business becoming involved, albeit unintentionally, in the political machinations of the New Right, which has found the abortion issue a convenient organizing tool.

Writing in *America*, Msgr. George Higgins warned "If this situation is allowed to continue, there is an increasingly grave danger that the right-to-life movement as a whole will be discredited as a right-wing sham."

More broadly, just what is the church's proper political role? To say churches have no right to speak out on matters political is foolish on its face. There *are* moral imperatives in politics, as in other areas. The problem is that, inevitably, conscientious Christians will often disagree on a wide range of political matters, even if they are applying roughly the same principles. There are, to be sure, some positions which are so antithetical to Christian doctrine that only the most deformed conscience could arrive at them in the name of Christianity. Who does not wish the church had taken a more militant line against the Nazis? Who does not applaud church efforts to end torture and political imprisonment in a score of dictatorships around the world?

But there are scores of other issues on which Christians, like everybody else, will disagree. And in democratic countries where the issues are not so starkly drawn, the questions become more difficult. Let us assume for the moment that the church decided to push its broad "pro-life" agenda and moved away from a single-minded emphasis on the abortion issue. To what extent would progressive Catholics still want the church to become directly embroiled in electoral politics? Their difficulty in dealing with the cardinal's letter lies in distinguishing between opposition to political action by the church, and opposition to *this* form of political action. Were these liberals mad at the cardinal because he acted too politically, or were they angry because he intervened on what they regarded as the wrong side? Either position is defensible, but they are radically different positions.

The cardinal's letter showed that church leaders do not have to mention a single name to make clear which side they are on. The practical question is: Assuming the obligation for church leaders to instruct the Christian's conscience in the political realm, just what should the church be doing around election time?

The answer, I think, is that few of us are comfortable with the notion of a church instructing people how to vote. Yet every Christian with firmly held political views is likely to feel at least a touch of joy whenever the church comes down on what he or she perceives to be the "right" side. With that realization in mind, the debate over the church's political role could proceed with a lot more intellectual honesty, and a lot less arrogance on all sides. And one thing, at least, *is* clear: moral and intellectual arrogance are not Christian virtues.

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His regular reelection showed that his confidence in the people of his district was not misplaced. One can think of nothing more necessary to restoring the vitality of American politics than a courageous pursuit of the real issues of the contemporary world in a context of dialogue and accountability between public officials and the electorate. For that example, all Americans have reason to be grateful to Drinan.

A generation ago, John Cogley asked if Catholics were always to be standing in judgment on their country, as if its failures were not their failures, as if its problems were not their own. Catholics, of course, must seek to understand the specific responsibilities which are theirs as contemporary Christians, but they also need to examine the requirements which rest on them as successful, strategically situated Americans. To the new language of human rights and liberation which comes to them from the church universal, they must add the traditional language of the common good, once the central theme in discussions of social justice. It is a long and honorable tradition of Catholic politics that particular justice requires general justice, that specific reforms of economic, social, and cultural life depend upon and relate to the overall structure of economics, politics, and culture, the way of life, within which that structure exists. If all this is to be done, if Catholic participation in the 1984 election is to be more intelligent and significant than it can possibly be in 1980, then Catholics are going to have to help reshape the options before the American people. They can do so only if they transcend single issue politics and demonstrate concern for the public interest across a wide variety of issues.

In a very real way, the challenge of the 1980s for Catholics in the United States is situated at the intersection of faith and politics. A strategy which seeks to bring forth real dialogue about the dangers and opportunities which now confront the nation and the world, a dialogue based on the ongoing reflection in faith on human experience in parishes, apostolic movements, every place where Catholics gather, alone will enable the promise of renewal to bring about a world responsive to the will of the Father and alive to his promises. Today Catholics and other Americans face unacceptable choices in the election of their president. If they will open themselves to the possibilities contained in their tradition and in the rich human resources of the contemporary church, perhaps they can reshape those options and the entire landscape of American political culture. Given the historic location of Catholic voters in this most crucial of nations at this point in history, they can make a difference.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF P.D. 59

Crossing the nuclear threshhold

THOMAS POWERS

THE BIG THINGS in history tend to start off in small ways. It's easy to miss them, or to read them wrong, or to point them out before they're really there. But departures have a seismic signature all their own, and the tremor was unmistakably underfoot in August of 1980, when a new strategic policy was announced by Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, a man who has spent his entire professional life designing nuclear weapons and deciding what to do with them. Brown insisted the policy was not new at all but only an "evolutionary development" in American theories of how to keep the peace. This was just talk. In fact the world came full circle; a lot of new arguments finally lost out to an old argument. The great open questions of nuclear weapons—what to point them at, and why?—were finally answered by the world's military men, not the civilian strategists who had long sought paradoxical shelter in the prospect of Armageddon. The result is a return to Clausewitzean concepts of warfare, which identify the object of military operations as destruction of an enemy's military forces. This amounts to a silent crossing of what is now called the nuclear threshold, and its proximate effect over time will be the absorption of nuclear weapons as one more item in the military inventory.

The new strategic policy, laid out in a document called Presidential Directive 59, comes in response to a decade of debate about Soviet military intentions, but its real cause is not a sudden revival of early Cold War fears of global ambition in Moscow. Specters are in the eye of the beholder. Some see them, and some don't. The real cause of PD 59, which calls for pointing American strategic weapons at Russian military targets, rather than industrial and population centers, is technical improvement of missile guidance systems, coupled with development of Multiple Independently-targetable Re-entry Vehicles, known as MIRVs. Accurate MIRVs have changed nuclear weapons from the hammer-like to the rapier-like—if anything with such pronounced side-effects (called "collateral damage" by the military) can be likened to a rapier. Argument about intentions is by its nature inconclusive; an intention is not a definite thing. The ultimate arbiter of military planning is

THOMAS POWERS *received the Pulitzer Prize for national reporting in 1971. He is the author of* The War at Home *and* The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA *(Knopf).*

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what an enemy can do. Accurate MIRVs make it possible for missiles to destroy small, well-protected targets, which tend to be military in nature. The United States has 1000 missile silos dotted about the Great Plains which are small, well-protected targets of precisely this sort. Accurate Russian MIRVs which can destroy them have been a long time in coming, but they are here now and PD 59 is a form of recognition of that fact. With it we pass into a new era of nuclear history.

The horror of nuclear weapons was recognized from the beginning but their military utility took longer to identify. The scale of their destructiveness was well-suited to large targets like cities, while the weapons themselves could be hidden or protected. This disparity between offensive capacity and defensive vulnerability—the ability to destroy, the inability to prevent one's own destruction—suggested a kind of permanent stand-off, a stable peace based on the "impossibility" of war with such catastrophic consequences. Robert S. McNamara, Secretary of Defense between 1961 and 1968, took this *de facto* standoff, gave a name to the fear which sustained it—"mutually assured destruction"—and then saw to it that U.S. strategic weapons would be sufficiently invulnerable ("survivable") to threaten "unacceptable" damage to Russia in the event worse came to worst. He figured Moscow would consider the loss of a quarter of its people and half of its industry as unacceptable. Technical studies suggested that 400 one-megaton warheads could do the job. As a practical matter the United States deployed 1,054 landbased missiles and 656 submarine launchers, a good deal more than enough to guarantee McNamara's unacceptable 25 and 50, but this did not alter McNamara's basic concept of a nuclear peace enforced by mutual Russian and American vulnerability to nuclear horror.

The McNamara doctrine had two great strengths as a strategic concept. The first was that it recognized, and made use of, the disparity between offense and defense. It turned vulnerability into a source of serenity, rather than fear. The second, which we can assume to be deeply rooted in the modern psyche, is the broad popular desire to believe that nuclear war is too terrible to happen. This is not limited to laymen. If anything it is taken even more firmly for granted by defense professionals who have been paying attention to the details. The guarantee of "mutually assured destruction" made war "crazy," so crazy that sober fear could be counted upon to override all the traditional proximate causes of war. The great appeal of MAD—to use the acronym coined by the civilian strategist Donald Brennan—was that it appeared to guarantee no more wars, or at least no more big ones. After the First and Second World Wars, which all but wrecked Western civilization to no purpose, the promise of no more big wars probably reached about as deep into the human soul as it is possible for official words to go. If war was too terrible to happen, it wouldn't happen.

There is much which might be argued against a notion of "security" based on men's common-sensical reluctance to do something really stupid, but the argument which has finally closed the era of MAD is a military one. The bedrock of mutually assured destruction was the "survivability" of one's retaliatory forces. One side might destroy the other's cities, but not his missiles. McNamara ensured the survivability of American missiles by putting them in concrete-hardened underground silos and hiding them in submarines beneath the sea. This worked until the Russians developed new missiles like the SS-18, which can deliver ten separate MIRV warheads—each with an explosive power equal to more than a million tons of TNT—within one-tenth of a nautical mile of the intended target. Where I live, that is less than the distance between the New York Public Library and Grand Central Central Station—roughly two city blocks. No hardened missile silo could survive a hit that close. This means that American Minuteman missiles are no longer "survivable." If we are to threaten Russia with assured destruction of the sort which makes wars too terrible to happen, we can't do it anymore with land-based missiles.

THE OPPONENTS of the new strategy implicit in PD 59 argue that the Russian missiles aren't really all that accurate, and that our submarine-based missiles—not to mention our B-52 bombers, tactical weapons in Europe, bombs which might be delivered by carrier-based Naval aircraft, etc. etc.—are more than enough to dissuade any prudent Russian government from attacking us. It is also argued, but somewhat more tepidly, that we can preserve our deterrent—that is, our power to retaliate crushingly—by switching to a policy of launch on warning. As soon as various technical surveillance systems detected a major Russian launch our own missiles would be fired automatically, thus escaping destruction on the ground. The fact that the decision would be in the hands of a computer, subject to sudden electronic twitches, makes this approach unattractive.

But in any event the arguments have now become moot. Military men and many civilian strategists have been brought to a state of quite agitated alarm by the prospect of a Russian capacity to destroy American land-based missiles in a surprise attack. Others may argue all they like that we've still got plenty of deterrent, and that the Russians will continue to be cowed by it. Others argued the Russians would never have enough missiles, accurate enough, to threaten Minuteman. They were wrong. The military will not be reassured by anything short of an ability to destroy their hard silos too. When the military is truly alarmed about something—not just faking it to beef up the budget—it is eventually going to get its way. The long

"The only serious drawback I can see about bringing this weapon into production is that it might bring civilization, as we know it, to an end."

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argument about the U.S.-USSR strategic balance has finally focused down onto a purely military question—what their weapons can do to our weapons—and our response, embodied in PD 59, is a purely military one.

From one point of view the advent of military targeting for nuclear weapons is more shadow than substance, because targeting, as a practical matter, has always tended to concentrate on military and industrial sites chosen by the Pentagon. Even at the height of McNamara's tenure as Secretary of Defense, the assurance of 25 and 50 would have been the result of missiles dropped on military bases and industrial districts, rather than on population centers *per se*.

The changes implicit in PD 59 do not come from the choice of military targets, but from the primacy to be given Russian missiles, the direction of new weapons' development toward greater power and accuracy, and the commitment to a practical ability to fight a nuclear war one stage at a time, instead of jumping to the final holocaust or spasm-war stage right at the start. This is more than merely a shift in emphasis. If Hiroshima introduced the first era of nuclear weapons (that of the bomber-dropped bomb, with its threat of isolated acts of terror), and the advent of missiles *circa* 1961 marked the second era (with its threat of wholesale terror), then PD 59 marks the third era (with its full-scale return to Clausewitz, and the domestication of nuclear weapons as tools of war like any other). This does not necessarily increase the likelihood of war, but it will certainly affect the course and scale of war when it comes. At least four broad changes in the military situation are implicit in PD 59, although it is difficult to say which will have the severest practical results.

The first and most obvious is that military targeting is what nuclear strategists refer to as "destabilizing." In McNamara's formulation the peace was stable so long as neither side could do anything to protect itself. Fear of consequences would make men prudent. Military targeting is destabilizing because it suggests we can limit damage to ourselves by destroying their weapons with our weapons (or *vice versa*), and further that we can destroy all of their weapons (or at least their land-based missiles) with only part of our weapons (or *vice versa*). Of course, if we can hit their weapons at all—which PD 59 explicitly says we intend to be able to do—then we can hit them first, out of the blue. This will naturally heighten the tensions in a serious crisis, because both sides will grow jittery that the other side may decide to strike first for whatever marginal advantage is offered. If we could hit *all* their missiles—submarine-based missiles too—the situation would really be unstable. PD 59 doesn't make the situation completely unstable, just more unstable.

The American military and many civilian strategists have been arguing for years that the Russians have been building a first-strike capacity, whether or not they really intended to carry out such a strike. This remains in doubt. But they will now certainly adopt a military targeting policy of their own to match ours, if they have not done so already. It ought to be pointed out here that Russia depends much more heavily on its now-vulnerable land-based missiles than we do. PD 59 is bound to cause them very great concern, since it openly avows what we only suspected them of planning. Within a year or two the land-based missiles of both sides will be fully vulnerable to surprise attack. Is this the sort of thing the Russian or American military will contemplate with equanimity? Can launch on warning be far behind? The pressures for it will certainly be very great.

The second result of PD 59 will be more weapons. One convenience of the doctrine of mutual assured destruction was that it suggested the possibility of "enough"—enough destructive power to guarantee McNamara's 25 and 50, which, if 25 and 50 were truly "unacceptable," and were truly assured, would be enough to prevent a war, no matter how many weapons the other side might have. Military targeting does away with all such limits. We are never again going to have enough. For one thing, there are a great many potential military targets besides an enemy's missiles. More important is the fact that security of offensive capacity can be guaranteed only by the factor of MIRVs. If each Russian missile could destroy five American missiles, for example, we would have to have something more than five times as many to ensure some would always be left. But these could be MIRVed as well, so the Russians would need five times *that* many for the same reason we need five times as many as they. It's impossible to say just how far down this road we will go, but it's sobering to remember that an Air Force Chief of Staff in the 1960s strongly recommended to President Kennedy that the United States deploy 10,000 Minutemen, *ten times* the number McNamara eventually decided would be enough. More weapons will be more expensive, of course, but the really troubling aspect of more is that there will be more to go off when war comes.

A third broad implication of PD 59 is that a major nuclear war would not necessarily end in a matter of hours or days, as once seemed likely to be the case. One aspect of the new policy calls for provision of a "secure strategic reserve," by which is meant a stock of weapons buried so deep, or hidden so well, the Russians cannot possibly destroy them. Doubtless the Russians will match this capacity too. It is not hard to imagine a war in its third or fourth day, with both nations all but totally ruined hulks, while some small residual force on either side continues to haul out weapons from the secure strategic reserve and fire them at the enemy. I once stopped by a field in Egypt to watch a man plowing with two oxen and a wooden plow. His plow did not even have a metal tip. While I watched, two Egyptian air force jet fighters screamed by overhead; each one cost millions of dollars and I thought of the terrible distance between the world of the pilot and the world of the plowman, and wondered a bit at that aspect of the human fate which always guarantees the millions will go for better planes rather than better plows.

In some ways the secure strategic reserve is the most frightening aspect of PD 59. At the very least it implies no more international arms agreements, since monitoring a reserve would require inspection on the ground, which the Russians have been adamant in refusing to allow. But we have not been very successful in negotiating arms agreements anyway,

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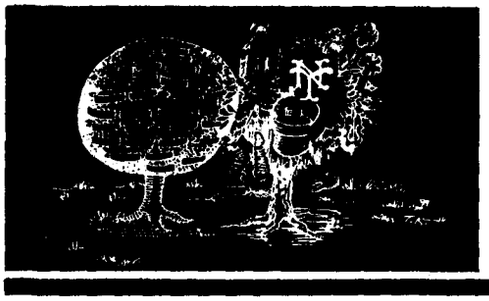
so the practical implications of PD 59 in that regard are probably not important. The prolongation of nuclear war is something else again. In the past it was assumed such a war would be terrible but soon over. PD 59 ensures the agony will be prolonged. The survivors' natural sorrow for what has been lost will be all but overwhelmed by fear of its repetition.

THESE IMPLICATIONS of PD 59 all make it a significant document. It would be helpful if we might read it in full. But the fourth implication, already suggested, is the most important of all. Pointing nuclear weapons at military targets, and thereby emphasizing their nature as weapons, marks the beginning of a sea-change in the psychology of Russian-American confrontation, a gradual acceptance of the possibility of war. Military and civilian leaders will of course go on saying their purpose is to prevent war, but there is a vast difference between saying that war is inherently too terrible to happen, and that we are too strong and alert to be challenged successfully. I never had much confidence in the long-term efficacy of the first approach, but at least it encouraged a sober frame of mind. The military approach borrows all the language of deterrence, while attempting to balance forces in the manner of the great European powers before 1914. They also felt peace was to be found through strength, and that war would never begin so long as all sides knew what they were up against.

For the moment nothing seems changed; we are still prepared for Armageddon, both psychologically and militarily. But within a very few years things will be quite different. We shall deploy different kinds of weapons in different kinds of ways. We shall probably begin a civil defense program (since that is the clearest evidence of willingness to fight a limited nuclear war, which Brown says is the point we are trying to get across). We will protect our weapons in ways which preclude arms agreements. We will be subject to heightened tension whenever the United States and Russia edge towards a serious crisis, as we do every two or three years. Exactly when the inherent instability of such a situation will assert itself is impossible to say, but it ought to be clear that the better "prepared" we are, the more we have got to fight a war *with*, the worse it will be.

From the day of Hiroshima forward it has been apparent that nuclear weapons meant trouble for humanity. It might even be argued that no one has felt truly light-hearted since. But thirty-five years is a long time to keep something in mind; young men have grown old and died since 1945, while the problem has grown steadily more complicated and intractable as technical progress has made the weapons more versatile. It is the weapons, in fact, which have been leading the way, not we the weapons. No short article can possibly do the subject justice. It takes long study just to gain familiarity with the words, and after that it requires a sustained effort of the moral imagination to keep hold of what the words mean. What I have written here is the barest outline of the argument which led to PD 59, and of the consequences we may expect from it. These necessarily lie in the future, which we can see only dimly. Discussions of the problem posed by nuclear weapons in the immediate postwar period all recognized the extreme danger, even the likelihood, we would do ourselves severe damage—they saw the future clearly enough for that, just as we can—but at the same time they were groping, inexact, and often wide of the mark when it came to details. They were especially wrong when trying to answer any question beginning with when. The same is likely to be the case now. PD 59 is not a step in the direction of safety or peace. But like the other large things in history, precisely where it's taking us will all be more apparent in retrospect.

TAKE A RUNNING LEAP AT HISTORY, MY FATHER BELIEVES



Singers of family tales

PAUL H. CONNOLLY

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. T.S. Eliot, *"East Coker"*

DURING MY FIRST year of graduate study at the University of Virginia, I was assigned two roommates, one but a brief acquaintance who transferred at semester's end; the other, an enduring friend. The first was from the California coast, and for him Virginia's red clay, pecan pie, and well-bred women spoke not of ante-bellum mint juleps on a white verandah but of Eastern senescence and the slow smokeless burning of decay. He had a short, alliterative name, and after he had seen his first snow, he finished his M.B.A. in L.A. Darden Asbury Pyron was the second roommate, and his three surnames were a honeyed syllabic porridge borne in sacred testimony to his southern birthright. His family was by no means landed gentry, but he knew each corm on his Carolina roots like he knew turnip from kohlrabi. And when he talked of Great-aunt Cassandra or of Cousin Ruby, twice removed, you could taste the stock in his soup.

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It awed me, a child of New York City whose family emigrated to Long Island, that his family held letters addressed from graves on which the stones were long illegible, and I listened with curious wonder to the legends of skeletons hung row on row in the closet, each a lovingly pruned limb from the family tree. The letters were not from eminent writers, generals, or even carpetbaggers, but from a common culture of people who had more or less eaten their peck of dirt and died. Theirs were the plain thoughts of "jus' folks." The old photographs, however, were more striking, particularly those of agate-eyed women, their hair lynched back in skin-tight buns or cascading wildly down their bodices like the snakes of Medusa.

In my own attic, by contrast, were the Christmas tree ornaments; some first-generation memorabilia of our immediate family's school years; and an old trunk, neatly packed with used clothes and extra blankets smelling sweetly of camphor. No rummaging there for old buttons or bullets; when the attic stairway folds up into the ceiling, there is precious little room left for antiquity. My parents' love letters were, I suspect, there too, but we were raised not to open envelopes which were not addressed to us. History, therefore, remained a vicarious experience for me, and I marveled from a distance at a daguerreotype of someone else's mustachioed grandmother; in preparation for eternity, my own grandmother tore up most of her old family photos.

In March of 1975, however, a decade after I met my roommates, my mother read Andrew Greeley's *That Most Distressful Nation* and agreed with him that Irish immigrants of the late nineteenth century knew grievous little about family history and cared even less for passing the news along. She determined then to write down for her children what she knew of their ancestry, and, after a brief show of reticence, my father too seized a pen. Neither of my parents is "a writer"—though my mother plainly prefers posting friends a letter to "giving them a buzz"—but together they composed . . . not a bare-boned genealogy nor, on the other hand, a full-blown history. They composed a simple memory of family.

In her book on *Families,* Jane Howard remarks that one of the strongest ties that binds a family are its "myths," those private legends of lunatics or lyricists that are the true points of honor in a family escutcheon. Most of the time, however, such myths are oral and can draw their last breath at any moment. What I relate here is an experiment in recording more of a family than can ever be caught in the winter branches of a genealogy. This is not an essay on genealogy, nor on writing one's memoirs. It is a story about myth-making and the singers of family tales that may inspire other parents to share their roots with other children.

WHEN MY MOTHER began her family report, she did not make any of the familiar motions toward uncovering the honor in our heraldic crest. No self-help guides to climbing the family tree. No libraries. No letters to "the other side." Instead, her account begins basically as a list of Biblical begats. True, the capital letters are finely illuminated, as in a medieval psaltery, but initially there is somewhat more story than plot as William begets Francis begets. . . . Gradually, however, myths gather between the lines.

"Probably . . .," "I do not know for sure . . .," and "My mother said she thought . . ." crowd my mother's pages. But certain it is for me now that Francis King, my maternal great-grandfather, died of pneumonia contracted New Year's day on New York's docks; and sure it is that Uncle Patsy always brought bouquets on festive occasions; and it is emphatically clear that great-grandfather Molloy and his wife were, as my mother put it, "a prolific pair": the names of seven children remain, and that without benefit of total recall. Certain, too, are the lives of the many children who died young. And certain New Britain's knitting mills and her lovely winter's skating. Certain also that my maternal grandmother was proudly married in the self-same year as Eleanor Roosevelt, a woman she greatly admired, and that after first seeing George M. Cohan in "Four Cohans," she never again missed seeing him play.

"Leaving the distaff side of the family," my mother further recalls that her grandfather, Thomas J. O'Donoghue, was a sergeant-major in the 69th Regiment during the (Civil) War, and that he maintained close ties to his regiment for many years — as old soldiers often will do. Her father was a silversmith for Reed and Barton; later a letter carrier; and some small pieces of his hand-made jewelry yet remain, as does a book he won for scholarship before starting work at the end of ninth grade. In my mother's memory, "he was a gentle man whose main excitement lay in politics and labor unions." And the New York Giants: he was, in his daughter's eye, "as rabid a Giant fan as ever visited the Polo Grounds."

Too little remains after generations of house-cleaning: some familial names; a directory of notable addresses; few hard facts and still fewer gentle traditions — the continuance, through four generations, of the name "Margaret" is one; and the passing down of a christening gown once worn by Aunt Minnie's Loretta, dead at sixteen, is another. From such bare bones it is possible, if one wished, to piece together a genealogical chart, one that might even grace a den or rest upon a mantle. But how much richer than the facts are the broken shards of memory preserved by my mother, bits and pieces of family spirit that grow dearer the deeper they are buried. It is in passing impressions, implicit judgments, and moods of memory that one touches not only one's ancestors but also one's parents and, ultimately, one's own soul.

After five single-spaced pages, my mother's narrative pauses, *in medias res,* with a statement of affection for her two sisters; our closeness, she writes, "would have pleased our parents as it pleases us." At her children's urging, she has promised to add recollections of our own early history, beginning in infancy and continuing through childhood. Hers is a simple, straight story, such as anyone could tell. Such as every parent, perhaps, should tell. For without some such history,

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PAUL H. CONNOLLY *is associate professor of English at Yeshiva University in New York. He has written for the* New York Times, National Review, America, Newsday *and other publications.*

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we think ourselves demons or demigods, sprung full-blown from the head of Chaos and capable of shaking the ancients from our skies, which we cannot. Or should not.

WHILE MY FATHER was slower to begin his recollections, he quickly reached thirty pages before pausing to draw breath and announce: "I was then three!" His style of writing is as rococo as my mother's is unadorned, as if, after a lifetime's experience with the schematics of mechanical engineering, his pen had drunk the ichor of Saul Steinberg's ink. "Where shall I begin?" he begins, with all the gusto of Vergil announcing "Arma virumque cano . . ." It is not only the shape of the ancestral tree which interests him, he states, but "who and what made the limbs bend and the leaves flutter. What do we know," he questions, "of the kingfishers and grubbers, the hawks and the doves, the cardinals and the vultures . . . ? Were there goldfinch and titmice, peacocks and sparrows, gooney birds and jailbirds roosting among . . . our ancestral relatives?"

Upwind he soars, and it scarcely seems 25,000 words later that he touches down briefly for refueling. At last reading, my father is still writing; World War II has just ended, and below the last typed sentence he has neatly printed "To Be Concluded."

You must take a running leap at history, my father evidently believes, for he falls back to 1860 as his starting mark, and firms his feet there in his native English Midlands, home of his maternal grandparents, the Howards. His plot reads like the tales of R.F. Delderfield, a novelist my father much enjoys (partly, no doubt, because it is their shared conviction that God is an Englishman). Gradually, his story works its way toward 1885, the year his parents married in Ashton-under-Lyne, east of Manchester — and a far cry from Eden. My father's father worked in Lancashire's cotton mills, joined early by his two oldest daughters, aged ten or thereabouts, in order that the family of eight might eat. "Cotton was king," reports my father, later a Republican yet always a member of the idealist party, "and in its service the industrial working class was created, bondaged, pillaged, and plundered."

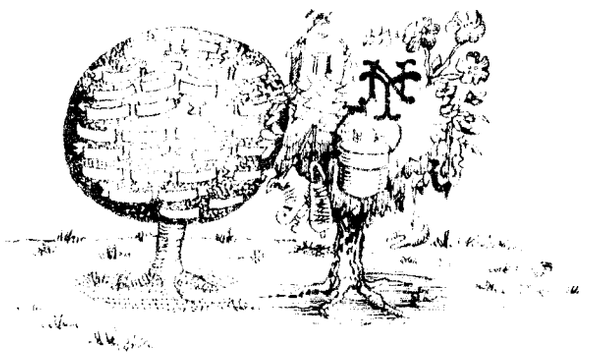
To supplement income, Grandmother Howard operated a fish-and-chips shop, sending her golden, mealy fare forth wrapped in the Manchester *Guardian*. At the turn of the century, my paternal grandfather sailed twice to America, testing the milk and honey. Before his dreamship came in, however, he died in England at the age of forty-five, leaving to his six children, aged seventeen to two, the recollection that he was "a good man, loving and loved."

That memory was about all he left, however, and so in 1907 the family itself left, for Boston, in the steerage of the "Ivernia." They carried with them: "an upright piano complete with brass candle-sticks pivoted in front, the bench, a bicycle, crockery, glassware in crates and baskets, a game of wooden skittles with wooden balls, brother Jim's 'nudger' and his precious violin in its case with bows and resin, family albums, clothes, chamber pots, tea pots," and miscellaneous sundries.

Such detail is typical of my father's account. To write a memoir does not require a finished style, but memory — which often bears up better than one might expect under writing's cross-examination — is essential. I, myself, have trouble remembering Wordsworth's best lines, often read, but my father's heart leaps up when he beholds his recollected "golden daffodils," and he could recite, for the wondrous edification of his children, letter-perfect poems learned sixty years earlier. He still recalls the names of neighbors and classmates from his primary school years and the number of blocks he carried dinner pails to the number of sisters who had secured work in a number of Lonsdale textile mills: "In the bottom went the tea, all milked and sugared. Next up was the meat and potatoes compartment; and topmost for the pie or cake . . ." Homer's Nestor, who liked to ruminate a bit himself on his checkered youth, did not recall it in finer detail than does my father.

I do not know what a Christmas pudding is but my father remembers precisely where, in his youth, they were hung. Born six months after Pearl Harbor, I do not know a world without war bonds, hot and flushable running water, and the democratic entitlement to a college education. I might as well be reading Dickens or Fielding as my father's life, so alien to me are galvanized iron wash tubs, carbolic soap, and a "three-holer out back . . . to be shared among two families." Hot Cross buns and Pancake Tuesday are not a part of my religion, no more than black strap molasses mixed with sulphur is for me a rite of spring. But it was this latter "re-energizer," my father recalls with flatulence, which "had the fire power of a French 75 and a noise factor just a few decibles below TNT — pure carbohydrate!"

In the best scientific tradition, my father classifies and numbers his topics as his subject grows complex. There is a section on the house in which he was reared, another on its food, and yet another on its music. To this day, my father's brother, now in his mid-eighties, practices his violin alone each morning, playing "Traümerei" or the Intermezzo from Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* from memory. (This same uncle must be one of the few persons alive who, searching his memory for my father, could write: "I saw the full impact of war. Horses ripped open on barbed wire trying to jump it . . .") My father's zenith as a musician came, he adds in anti-climactic conclusion of the more laudable report on his siblings, the day he played "The Blue Bells of Scotland" on his violin for his third-grade class. If, as is often argued, music is



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congenital, it is worth adding that my own musical notes ended the afternoon my three-year-old son glued middle-F to E and G while repairing some damage done the piano while playing it with a hammer.

There are other "chapters" of a page or more devoted to Sports, the Red Schoolhouse, Transportation, the Newspapers. There is even a section on Dentistry ("I had five or six teeth out as a boy; fillings were for the wealthy.") And there is a more substantial report on The Spiritual Life. It begins with an altar boy's *Introibo ad altare Dei*; touches upon a mother's "pragmatic article of faith in the form of a long, resilient wide belt always hung prominently on a nail in the kitchen"; and closes with *Deo gratias*.

As a child, I knew one of my grandparents; my wife, none of hers — indeed, her own parents (one of them an immigrant herself from "that most distressful nation") did not live long enough to consider the possibility of doing more than inscribing a few names in the family Testament. Rare memories are, therefore, rich ones, like the exotic treasures borne from a Pharaoh's tomb. Parents who share such memories with their children share the spirit of an age, as well as of two lifetimes, and bequeath an inheritance to successive generations that will only grow more valuable with age. It does not require professional charms to attract one's children, so the singers of family tales need not worry about "their style." No one need be wholly unclear who is wholly honest. It is, furthermore, unnecessary to be a professional historian in order to record one's memories. To write history, it has been said, is so difficult that most historians must make concessions to the technique of legend. But what a lovely concession legend can be, for in the final analysis it matters less who begat whom than how happily they lived ever after.

"Pardon, old fathers," asks the poet W.B. Yeats, "if . . . I have nothing but a book. Nothing but that to prove your blood and mine." No land. No stock. No reputation for making love or war. Just a tale of character, a legacy that cannot be spent by heirs apparent. But what stronger proof can there ever be of "your blood and mine."

NON-EUCLIDEAN LINES BY WHICH GOD WRITES STRAIGHT?

Psychology's theological quantum jump

DAVID TOOLAN

"THERE WILL be a revival of Christianity," Owen Barfield has written, "when it becomes impossible to write a popular manual of science without referring to the incarnation of the Word." Recently, there have been theoretical developments in this direction, but more along the line of the incarnate word (Vishnu) in Hindu cosmology. Item: Fritjof Capra's *The Tao of Physics* (Shambala, 1975) and Gary Zukav's immensely popular *The Dancing Wu Li Masters* (Morrow, 1979). In both these interim reports of conversations between "far out" psychologists and physicists, recent developments in quantum mechanics are construed as showing more affinity with Hindu and Buddhist cosmologies and psychologies than with the Western idiom of Wisdom becoming incarnate.

"Those who are not shocked when they first come across quantum theory," said Niels Bohr at the dawn of nuclear physics, "cannot possibly have understood it." Like Hinduism and Buddhism (at least in popular versions), the new physics seems to dissolve the substantial world of solid, separate bodies, and in addition, the whole idea of nature as independent of the human mind. Having largely created Western common sense, and the dispiriting logic of cog-psyches caught in the cosmic machine, physicists are now busy undermining that entire edifice.

The courtship between the new physics and the ego-dissolving oceanic-bliss orientation of oriental religions is odd and fascinating. Until lately, Eastern religions have scarcely been touched by the split between mind and heart engendered by the Western scientific revolution, much less touched by historical criticism and the subtle acrobatics of re-interpretation called for when a scientifically oriented Westerner sets out to appropriate the meanings of an ancient religious tradition. How is it possible for Western scientists to assimilate an oriental religious outlook with seeming ease when the absorption of the native religious tradition seems so difficult? We shall see, I think.

In the process of understanding that, we may also see that part of the difficulty in appropriating the Western religious tradition may consist in the fact that the "scientifically oriented" Western student tacitly presumes a no longer valid Cartesian-Newtonian epistemology and world-view. Iconoclastic modern physics is in the process of discrediting this viewpoint, and replacing it with an uncommon sense that, for the first time in three hundred years, renders Barfield's

FATHER DAVID S. TOOLAN, S.J., *is assistant editor of* Commonweal.

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prophecy fulfillable. Perhaps the detour East of speculative physicists and psychologists will turn out the fitting non-Euclidian line by which God writes straight.

Perhaps. Before ruling out that possibility, it would be well to consider some of the background behind the current intersection of soul- and subatomic-world searching.

LET US BEGIN with a birthday party. In early November of last year, a week before the annual meeting of the very straight American Academy of Religion and the Society of Biblical Literature, the Fifth International Conference of Transpersonal Psychology convened at a suburban Boston hotel under the theme of "The Nature of Reality: Dawning of a New Paradigm." Called together to discuss the conceptual crisis in the social and physical sciences, that is, the failure of standard scientific models to provide solutions to urgent individual and social problems or accommodate challenging observations from a variety of sources, the conference also marked the tenth birthday of the Association of Transpersonal Psychology. It brought together a diverse group of psychologists, neurophysiologists, physicists, parapsychologists, comparative religionists, and assorted gurus and American Indian shamans, about five hundred strong, whom many readers of this magazine and probably most of the people at the AAR and SBL conventions would label the "lunatic fringe." That the Esalen Institute, that den of California lotus-eaters, was one of the sponsors will be enough for some: Madame Blavatsky warmed over!

"Transpersonal" is the neologism of psychologists who are reincorporating a religious understanding of "soul" and "spirit" into their theoretical and therapeutic frameworks. Human possibility, they say, involves more than the expression of one's little skin-enclosed personality; under certain conditions, we may become microcosms mirroring the universe, a face and voice representing the cosmos—*tat tvam asi*, as Hindus say, "thou art that." In terms of orthodox psychoanalytic theory, they are immensely expanding the possible boundaries of "self." Among their number, there exists what might be called a pantheistic wing, and others who, on the other wing, exhibit an incarnational orientation. In either case, for psychology the movement represents a quantum jump.

The Association of Transperonal Psychology was founded in 1969 by Anthony Sutich, a bedridden arthritic cripple and almost legendary therapist, who had been instrumental in inventing group therapy and had previously organized the Association of Humanistic Psychology. With the blessing of Abraham Maslow, Sutich and others broke from humanistic psychology because they found its ceiling on human potential too low. There was more to human life than the ultimate concern of human closeness. Among other things in the late sixties, the "high states" of psychedelics were disclosing possibilities beyond humanism's ken, amazing connections with the physical cosmos, foreign cultures and histories, and visions that elicited a religious reading even from dyed-in-wool atheists. The schismatics found themselves impelled, with new eyes, to reread Emerson, Whitman and William James, and plunged into Eastern mysticism—encouraging, in the process, that spate of publishing of primary Eastern texts and popularizations that so marked the last decade.

This was the phase of greed for transitory "altered states" of consciousness, and the time when, as one-time Transpersonal president James Fadiman put it, "we made all the mistakes as soon as possible." That greed and jazz-style is visible in Sutich's rambling definition of transpersonal psychology in the premier issue of the Association's journal.

> Transpersonal psychology is interested in those *ultimate* human capacities and potentialities that have no place in positivistic or behavioristic theory, classical psychoanalytic theory, or humanistic psychology. The emerging Transpersonal Psychology is concerned specifically with the *empirical* scientific study of . . . becoming, individual and species-wide meta-needs, ultimate values, unitive consciousness, peak experiences . . . mystical experience, . . . transcendence of self, spirit and species-wide synergy . . . and related concepts, experiences, and activities.

It took some time before fascination with transient "states" began to give way to concern for stable, character-informing conditions of being, and some time before instant-nirvana was replaced by a recognition of the need for serious long-term spiritual discipline if any of this mind-bending experience was to make a difference in the everyday world. No doubt in acknowledgment of the growing sobriety of the movement here, the American Psychological Association last year designated transpersonal psychology an official area of inquiry alongside social, industrial, and behavioral psychology, and also decided to recognize it as a legitimate and distinct mode of therapy. The crazies were being brought into the establishment.

From almost the start, however, the "lunatics" took it for granted that for the meaning and truth of religious visions to become accessible and public, one could not approach them with the mind of the "drowsy Englishman after lunch." The precondition for appropriation was some kind of psychic transformation, a *metanoia*, and hence the importance of those ritual and contemplative arts without which, the great traditions unanimously claim, we remain deaf and blind to the founder's path. The conjunction of practice with intellect distinguishes a transpersonal psychology convention from a convention of academic theologians—like the AAR and the SBL—for the former lace their intellectual scrutiny with ritual and meditative spaces. Last November, it was Gabrielle Roth's dancing, t'ai chi with Al Huang, Cecil Burney's symbolic sand play, shamanistic rites with Prem Dass or Michael Harner, or a sermon from Swami Muktananda. More than their professional theological counterparts at the AAR and SBL conventions, the seemingly secular transpersonalists honored those meditative contexts within which the experiential data for theological reflection typically arise.

To be sure, the leading theorists of transpersonal psychology (with exceptions like James Hillman) have been descend-

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ing into the mine-shafts of oriental religion. Incipiently, however, the dig is in principle rediscovering the broken link between the West's contemplative trandition and academic knowledge. The search is for awareness of that depth of soul which creates space for an ingress of "spirit." Instead of scratching for a thin "religious dimension" or inaudible "rumor of angels" in common secular experience, as is the custom with contemporary liberal theologians, the transpersonal consciousness-raisers are surprisingly traditional. They tend to focus on the predispositive soul-work necessary before anything like the intensity of Hindu, Buddhist, or Judaeo-Christian "reality" will dawn. It's as if, to reverse Plato's parable, we had to enter soul's cave more deeply before the sun will rise.

This may sound strange coming from lotus-land lunatics. But as its schismatic origin testifies, transpersonal psychology grew out of the perceived inadequacy of humanistic psychology's apotheosis of the self-realizing ego that Freud canonized and which the new ego— and humanistic psychologies (of Sullivan, Horney, Erikson, Perls and middle-Maslow) do not entirely escape. Maturing theoretically, transpersonal psychology in effect embraces Norman O. Brown's reinterpretation of psychoanalysis in *Life Against Death*, and Ernest Becker's Rankian and Kierkegaardian rereading in *The Denial of Death*. Strip away the successive layers of glib talk and social role-playing, the character defenses against unconscious anxiety, and expose the fear of death lying at the center of the ego-project. What do you have? Not the liberated "authentic self," but more likely a terror-stricken animal. As Becker put it, to all the magic therapies that promise liberation by such methods, next to the door of each should be placed a sign: "Danger: real probability of the awakening of terror and dread, from which there is no turning back." That, as I read it, is transpersonal psychology's answer to humanistic psychology. Not self-realization (more ego games), but self-transcendence.

But transpersonal psychology is attempting to move beyond Becker. To be sure, given the multiple theoretical directions it draws from—Jung, Rank, Assagioli, Teilhard de Chardin, and oriental psychologies, to mention a few—a consistent theoretical consensus is not to be had yet. As far as I can tell, however, there is rough agreement on Becker's thesis that at root all forms of soul-disorder, and perhaps much physical illness, stem from religious alienation, a sundering of conscious relation to what Rudolph Otto described in his classic *The Idea of the Holy*—the tremendous and fascinating mystery of the sacred. Becker was not optimistic about our re-establishing that connection. Transpersonal psychology is.

These neo-theosophists do not care for soul-experience locked inside Kantian psyches. They want soul breathing out-of-doors . . .

Emboldened by its early psychedelic binge, but subsequently sobered and heartened by experience derived from a host of non-drug clinical contexts—Jungian analysis, encounter, sensory isolation and overload, neo-Reichian approaches, Gestalt practice, psychosynthesis, marathon sessions, guided imagery and various techniques of rebirthing—not to mention the growing seriousness of Eastern spiritual disciplines—transpersonalists have been impelled to reach for new categories to understand modes of consciousness that simply do not fit the Newtonian-Cartesian frameworks of "normal science."

These new categories often sound old, mythic, like the ones Norman O. Brown adopted in *Love's Body* (trinity, unity, head, boundary, fire, fraction, resurrection, fulfillment, etc.). As if it never happened before, transpersonalists are rediscovering the hierarchies of soul's many different modes of being, soul's rich symbolic language and "fourfold vision." In some sense, Bonaventure's itinerary of soul is again "in."

But this is where the Californianism of this movement comes in, and the new physics. Unlike their Romantic nineteenth century ancestors who drew back from technology's mindless nature and inward to "creative genius" or pantheism, the new ascetics are concerned with the body. In large measure they produced the "inner sports" library, tennis, golf, and running as forms of yoga. These neo-theosophists do not care for soul-experience locked inside Kantian psyches. They want soul breathing out-of-doors, and soul's languge speaking not simply from the heart, but from the heart of the physical cosmos. In other words, they want inwardness referring to the world of the hardest of the sciences. Enter the holonomic (law of the whole) theory.

THE BIG EXCITEMENT at last November's conference was the holonomic model of mind and matter, a conception designed to convince sceptical east-coasters that they too should be interested in higher vibrations. Holography is of course just one of several contenders for the title of the "new paradigm" which might relieve the conceptual crisis afflicting all the sciences. Some of its proponents were heralding it as the base for an epistemological theory that would give a unified account of the diverse phenomena of quantum physics, ordinary perception, parapsychological events, and transcendental experience. At last, some hoped, this theory would heal the West's intellectual schism between mind and heart, science and religion. A big order. Not everyone at the conference agreed holography could do the job.

The holonomic theory is the work of Karl Pribram of Stanford University (*Language of the Brain*, Prentice-Hall, 1971; "Problems Concerning the Structure of Consciousness," *Consciousness and the Brain*, ed. G. Globus, Plenum, 1976). The theory issues from his effort to understand the non-local distribution of memory throughout brain tissue, and it represents an application of atomic physics' whole-in-part theorem

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to neurophysiology. In brief, the idea is that our minds mathematically construct three-dimensional reality by interpreting wave frequencies from another order of non-Euclidian n-dimension, a realm of meaningful, patterned reality transcending time and space. The brain, says Pribram, is a hologram. But of what? Inspired by the symbolics of quantum physics, he answers that brain neurons must image the entire universe. Pribram extends the ancient maxim: not only is soul a mirroring microcosm, but so is the brain—and the mind's language is the potential print-out of that fact. Sounds like, after all, the *imago dei* is here. Well, maybe.

What is holography? Described mathematically by Dennis Gabor in the 1940s (Nobel Prize winner in 1964), holography is a method of lensless photography realized in hardware in the 1960s. It is based on the curiosity that light waves scattered by an object can be recorded on a photographic plate as a swirling interference pattern, the "hologram," so named because the information from the object is distributed over the whole plate. When any single piece of the blur is placed within a coherent light beam like a laser, the total original pattern is regenerated to produce a three-dimensional image. The analogy: mind is like the laser, interpreting, not images across space, but the unextended frequency store implanted subatomically in brain neurons. The mind transforms this code (or aspects of it), expressed mathematically in Fourier Transformations, into three-dimensional images which are then projected much the way stereophonic speakers project sound. All 'otherness' and appearance in our familiar world thus hinges on this magic act of mind; without it, there would be no 'things' at all.

This is not as far-fetched as it sounds. As anyone familiar with recent physics knows, our everyday world of solid objects is built on a world of insubstantial "blooming, buzzing confusion" where boundary and particularity, not interdiffusion, seem the miracle to be explained. To this broth, add Heisenberg's Principle of Uncertainty (the more we determine position, the less we know of an entity's momentum, and vice versa) and Bohr's rule of Complementarity (the "objectivity" of wave or particle phenomena depends on the observer) and salt well with Einstein's General Relativity. At the least, what happens? The Newtonian-Cartesian notion of nature "out there" *independent* of mind "in here" is shattered. What's "out there" would not appear at all as it does were it not for the participation of the peculiar constitution of the "in here" and its measuring devices. The shocking thing is, not only is the world of *quality* an interactional "construction," but as Einstein, Heisenberg and Bohr have shown, so is the world of *quantity*. At the subatomic level as well, there are no properties of things, but only properties of interactions that are unthinkable without us. The so-called "building-blocks" of nature are no-thing, but rather enormously energized, but from our standpoint, amorphous, "tendencies to happen"—rather like Aristotle's pure "potency."

Does this make our troublesome sensible world an "illusion"? Not so. The point is that it is out of this energetic maze that we have defined ourselves, a definition that proceeds from the very act of mapping the historically altering forms of our experience which we call the "objective world." Without us, or something akin to us, enabling the reduction of this buzzing whirlwind to events and forms, there would be no appearances, and conversely, without "objects," no us, or "I." In short, consciousness and phenomena are correlative, and hence the study of differentiated appearances (nature) is simply the other correlative side of studying the emergence of self-consciousness. This was Owen Barfield's point in *Saving the Appearances*. It means consciousness is the inside of the world, studying itself.

SO WHAT does one "insider" like Pribram make of the appearance of nonlocal memory in the brain? For memory is distributed throughout brain tissue. To understand this, he was led to physicist David Bohm of London University (*Wholeness and the Implicate Order*, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1980). For some time, Bohm had been proposing holography as an example of how to understand quantum paradoxes like the EPR effect—where a subatomic particle separated from its mate somehow knows "telepathically" (as Einstein incredulously put it) what spin that mate will take as a result of an experimenter's change of current. Such phenomena illustrate the key question in recent quantum theory: *how does information get around so quick*, seemingly in defiance of the speed of light?

The puzzle is that subatomic wave-particles do not appear to be governed by the laws of objects separate in space-time. The so-called particles act as if they knew instantaneously what was going on in the whole cosmic system, as if causality as we think of it in the discrete world of space-time did not apply to their n-dimensional order.

The shocker here was (John S.) Bell's Theorem (1964) which showed that if the basic statistical predictions of quantum theory were approximately correct (they were) it followed that not only on the microscopic, but also on the macroscopic level, no theory could validly claim that "the spatially separated parts of reality [are] independent." In 1973 Bohm suggested the situation might best be understood as a hologram, for in a hologram each part contains information contained in the whole. As he expressed it,

> There is the germ of a new order here. This order is not to be understood solely in terms of a regular arrangement of *objects* (e.g., in rows) or as a regular arrangement of *events* (e.g., in a series). Rather, a *total order* is contained in some *implicit* sense, in each region of space and time. . . . So we may be led to explore the notion that in some sense each region contains a total structure "enfolded" within it.

This "new order" is not visible. Bohm calls it *implicate* (or "enfolded," like an ink spot spun in viscous glycerine, which invisibly spreads everywhere without dissolving into the solution). In contrast, the sensible order ("unfolded," as in stopping the revolving glycerine to allow the ink spot to reappear) is that realm into which certain aspects of the more fundamental implicate order (not buzzing confusion after all) are mapped by that aspect of implicate order we call mind. Says Bohm: our

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sensible world is like a "tiny ripple" existing in an immense ocean of energy. Quite independent of whether holography is the best example, quantum physics suggests the whole space-time world and its sequential logic is a special case constructed by that "inside" of nature we call mind. The more fundamental principle is the law of immediate interconnection and the dependence of every part on the state of the whole system. The one is in the many, the many one—without mutual dissolution.

The whole diachronic order springs from an order which is synchronic. Again, Bohm:

> "All implicates all," even to the extent that "we ourselves" are implicated together with the "all that we see and think about." So we are present everywhere and at all times, though only implicately (that is, implicitly).

Shocking as this may be to common sense shaped by idolizing sensible experience, it might be stranger still if human beings, composed as we are of such quantum stuff, did not reflect at our own level the cosmic reference of atoms. This is what of course has transpersonalists excited. From an unexpected quarter, it's like resurrecting Aquinas: the mind as potentially all things.

Now pantheistic transpersonalists stress the emanationist aspect of all this, and our role in constructing the phenomenal world. The incarnational wing stresses what might be knocking at our door to let itself into time-space, and our responsibility to let that sound into our public works. The latter dimly envision the political ramifications of "tuning out and tuning in"; the former do not. But both wings have suddenly refound the primacy of poetic imagination in the work of mind—particularly when it comes to the work of discovery itself. (Admirers of Elizabeth Sewell's *The Orphic Voice* please take note.) What is happening here represents the threshold of a new conversation between ordinarily estranged inquirers, hard scientists, and psychologists. This conversation already involves the cultural critics of the consciousness movement, people like Christopher Lasch (*The Culture of Narcissism*) and Richard Sennett (*The Fall of Public Man*). But logically it ought to include literary theorists of the imagination and theologians who, in addition to piggybacking on critical sociology and literary interpretation theory, might enter the conversation by recognizing their natural and historical affinities with transpersonal consciousness-raisers. Such a multi-disciplinary conversation would be well worth following.

WITH SUFFICIENT AMPLIFICATION, holonomic epistemology does seem to account for ordinary perception, especially our rich blurs of meaningful wholes, of persons, cities, cultures, nature. And as the theory is developed and applied, transpersonalists expect an equally rich body of ramification for education and learning theory, approaches to health and psychotherapy, and the understanding of music and aesthetic judgments in the arts generally. At the same time, the theory arguably makes some sense of phenomena such as telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, and psychic healing. That is,

Some transpersonalists would advise the remedy of returning to the wisdom of primitives. There is another possibility . . .

access to a holonomic domain would provide a necessary, if not always sufficient, condition for instantaneous communication between discrete persons. Finally, the theory might explain why the suspension of analytic thought and a fixed imagination in certain meditative disciplines enhance energy and induce, at a minimum, experiences of union with the physical world.

Such nature-mysticism would of course be a far cry from other kinds of both Eastern and Western mysticism, and Bohm, if not all his heralds, is clearly aware of distinctions here. To say that we are implicated in a strictly spiritual order demands, Bohm thinks, another kind of research than quantum physics. It demands a meditative method. At the strictly human level, in other words, meditation would constitute the experimental method for tuning in to implicate resonances of a higher order than those detectable by the physicist's methods. Consciousness, Bohm believes (he is a student of Krishnamurti), may have access to a strictly spiritual order, but only if developed and insofar as an order of transcendent intelligence, compassion, and love materially alters the organization of mind and brain. Were liberal theologians to pay more attention to such a thesis, which would require attending systematically to our neglected contemplative tradition, I think they might find themselves closer to an intelligent accommodation with their conservative peers.

Quite apart from the usefulness of holography to explicate it, it is clear that the dawning holonomic paradigm of reality can be read out, at another level, in both Eastern and Western religious directions. So far, most transpersonalists have preferred the Eastern mode. It highlights the maternal cosmic matrix out of which we originate, the wordless but meaningful plenum-void that ceaselessly feeds the depths of soul—even in death. For do-it-yourself Western egos who find their way there, this is a real meal. The question is the bill for that meal: a pantheistic or panpsychic dissolution of individual identity in the ocean of being. Will Western egos stomach having their names thus finally effaced? We have been here before—in nineteenth century Romantic fascination with Hindu and Buddhist bliss. Some transpersonalists exhibit a death wish in expiation for the evils of capitalistic ego.

The Western religious reading of holonomic implication demands we save, on any ultimate reckoning, both the selves and the physical world that God has created through our

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senses. It demands we save *history*. For between the primitive fusion with a world "full of gods" at our origins and any final destiny of re-identification with cosmic Spirit lies interposed the task of redeeming the fissuring, bloody sweep of the times and spaces holonomists now tell us we have co-authored. In ways the East does not, Western religion ambiguously blesses the differentiating "fall into consciousness" and choice which gradually "disgodded" nature and expelled us from that innocent symbiotic garden wherein God walked with our ancestors "in the cool of the evening breeze." History is *religiously* significant, claims the Western reading of ultimate implication, because history's fissuring of cosmic harmony alters the ontological relationship between creature and Creator. Time need not be the play of "eternal return"; something ontologically new is at stake in our wrestling ourselves and nature independent of the Creator. To get a sense of this historical rite of passage, now with holonomic eyes, I found it useful to return to Bruno Snell's essay on the Greek gift of objectivity and soul language, *The Discovery of Mind*, to Erich Neumann's *The Origins and History of Consciousness*, to Julian Jaynes's *The Origins of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, and finally, my own favorite, to Owen Barfield's *Saving the Appearances*.

The boundless One, holonomists are likely to claim, is tacitly *in* the many, secretly coded in our blood and tissue. The mind's task is to awaken and decipher that code—in the large sense, what science is about, the very science that until recently had banished God to his heaven and faced us with incommunicative atoms "blindly running." Our scientific imagination has succeeded in transfiguring environing nature, once teeming with divine voices, into a literal idol, a dumb, dead thing which does not speak to us. It should come as no surprise, then, if holonomic epistemology is right, that the emptiness of nature is reflected in the hollowness of men's souls. For we fabricate ourselves by fabricating a world. Now at this point some transpersonalists would advise the remedy of returning to the wisdom of primitives. There is another possibility, however, one that Barfield recommends.

He advises we remember our Hebrew roots, and the Hebrew strategy of dealing with nature that no longer represented the Presence hiding outside us, *behind* phenomena. For the iconoclastic Hebrew subversion of our primitive symbiosis with the sacred via nature led to an inward turn, a "centrifugal deepening" of soul-space and time wherein the Divine Name was to be discovered *behind our basic imaginative figuring of an external world*. Unlike the Greeks, for whom the disgodding of nature served the study of outward phenomena, the Jews disgodded with equal vehemence, but for the purpose of finding the nameless Divine Name hidden in the human heart and soul. The idea is to retrieve the image of the universe that God used in creating it, to name it as he does, and to speak in his tongue. But if something like this is possible, Barfield goes on, then in retrospect the objectivizing scientific revolution begins to look as if it were part of that process whereby we liberated ourselves *from* an unwitting and unfree participation in the sacred cosmos and prepared *for* a willing, conscious participation—and thus a material world deliberately hallowed by imagination reborn in God's great Darkness.

If transpersonalists decide to honor the implications of Western history, then it would seem they must honor the Western religious romance with earth. Consciousness represents the inside of nature, claims their new vision—and says St. Paul, sounding the depths of nature's soul in him, she groans to be replenished with Spirit—"that God may be all in all." (I Cor. 15:28) According to this reformed Pharisee, it is this visionary act that heals the cosmic schism, that reconciles penultimate mother nature, through us, with her Creator. For not otherwise than through us will nature become spirited; we are her big chance at second birth. Is such a vision finally so different from the Upanishadic vision of the identification of *atman*, or soul, with *Brahman*, the Nameless One? I can only conclude with one of Barfield's more haunting paragraphs.

> Not to realize to the uttermost the otherness of God from ourselves is to deny the Father. But equally, not to strive to realize the sameness—to renege from the Supreme Identity—is to deny the Holy Spirit. This, any deeply religious man may feel, whatever terminology he may have learnt to employ. To this a true Christian . . . must add: In no way to relate the former with the past, and the latter with the future of the world, is to seek to deprive history, and perhaps time itself, of all religious significance.

Screen

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

TRIP TO PICASSOLAND

INTAGE Danielsson's *The Adventures of Picasso*, the great artist (Gosta Ekman) ultimately lives in a place called "Picassoland," on the model of Disneyland. This gag feels very true to life. New York itself has looked like Picassoland this summer during the definitive exhibition of Picasso's work at the Museum of Modern Art. The streets surrounding the museum have been clogged with peddlers selling T-shirts and cheap reproductions. A dozen new coffee-table books on Picasso have appeared in all the bookstore windows, and galleries have scrounged up any Picasso ephemera they could with the hope of luring in some of the overflow crowds from the museum. Not the least of the attempts to exploit the situation has been the release of *The Adventures of Picasso* itself. Where the film is concerned, however, the opportunism pays off for us as well as the distributor. The film really is better in light of the exhibition. The exhibition may even be better in light of the film, which has a surprisingly astute comment to make on Picasso's life. Scatter-brained as it is, *The Adventures of Picasso* is also a richly black little comedy.

The movie follows the story of Picasso's life about as

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closely as a drunk walks a straight line, and like the drunk, it's funny for its divergences. It wanders into a satire of Puccini one minute, into some mime the next, and into homosexual jokes after that. (These last are often exceedingly tasteless. Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas are played by comedians Bernard Cribbins and Wilfred Bramble, the cast's only Englishmen, which is itself a spoffy, nasty anti-fag joke.) The only modern art to which this sort of material bears comparison is *Mad* comics. The film is more at home in the company of other summer movies like *Airplane!* than in the presence of Picasso himself. In fact, the visual *doubles entendres* on which this film relies are very like *Airplane!*'s. In an opening scene dealing with Picasso's birth, a woman lies writhing beneath a sheet. It looks as if a volcano is erupting under there. Suddenly, the artist's father (Hans Alfredson, who co-scripted the film) bursts through the door. Whereupon a man emerges from the sheet and accepts one of the cigars Señor Picasso starts handing out. The proud papa is not attending to his son's birth as we supposed. He's celebrating the blessed event in a brothel, where it's obvious he's well-known.

The comedy here is pretty low-brow. Yet because of its irreverence toward Picasso's father, this inebriated film stumbles into an interesting idea or two about the painter. At the appropriate point in young Pablo's life, his father dies. But at the funeral Papa comes back to life again, and thereafter accompanies Pablo on all his adventures. Thus does the father become a kind of alter-ego for the son. In the Paris atelier, Papa keeps picking up the apple junior is painting in order to take bites from it; and out of the conflict between these two ways of consuming an apple, Cubism is born. There usually seems to be a conflict like this between Papa's actions and Pablo's. When the Nazis occupy Paris, Pablo hides people in his studio by having them pose as fanciful lamps and furniture he's designed. Papa becomes a Nazi officer whose sole duty, zealously but fruitlessly carried out, is to search the studio. In another of the film's sub-plots, Pablo eludes the clutches of harridan art collector "Ingrid Guggenheim" only to have Papa marry her. The newlyweds form a partnership and open Picassoland, where Papa continues to conduct tours through Pablo's room even when Pablo is on his deathbed.

What I like about Papa is the implication he carries of a certain ruthlessness, even a potential for fascism and violence, in Pablo himself. Papa suggests that there was a demon side to Pablo's personality. Since Papa is the one made to bear this onerous symbolic weight in the film, there is even a suggestion here that this side of Picasso was part of his Spanish heritage. The exhibition at the museum lent credibility to these ideas. As a student in Barcelona Picasso mastered the academic tradition of Spanish painting by the age of fourteen or fifteen. Examples from this period—the "First Communion" of 1894-95, or "Science and Charity" (1897), in both of which Papa appears—make it clear how repressive that tradition and the society it represented were. The move to Paris in 1900 was a liberation not only from the academic tradition, but from the cloistered culture of Spain itself. The move also set free in Picasso's art all those traits which Catholic Spain bred in its sons expressly for the purpose of repression—traits which were never supposed to be turned loose, particularly in the hands of a genius so brilliant he was beyond any authority save his own.

Genius of Picasso's magnitude contains all possibilities within itself. It's inescapably paradoxical, because it seems to manifest all phases of some universal dialectic—thesis and antithesis—at the same time. *The Adventures of Picasso* is rather clever about this when it turns the dialectic into a father-son relationship. This device allows the movie to make insinuations about Picasso's character, to suggest that just *being* Picasso involved a moral expediency and self-excusing arrogance. By a small leap we might even imagine that the artist depicted in this film is the same revealed by the exhibition: somebody whose enormous creativity was also a form of destructiveness, an energy for life that was almost murderous at times.

At the exhibition the indivisibility of these two sides of Picasso is apparent in every phase of his career, but nowhere more than around the time of *"Les Demoiselles d'Avignon"* (1900). If there is a single painting that represents *the* break with the past and with all historical restraints, *"Les Demoiselles"* is it. In its immediate aftermath, an astounding inventiveness was unleashed in Picasso's painting accompanied by an equally astounding violence and aggressiveness. I don't mean that he painted scenes of rape and pillage. On the contrary, his subjects were very peaceful—still lifes, nudes, landscapes, idylls. I mean something more fundamental than subject matter shows, something so basic it came out in technique. In the way he painted women, especially, there was an unmistakable sexual rage. He often slashed and gouged at the female form, literally scribbling over it with the brush in places and disfiguring it. More disturbing still are some of the experiments with multiple points of view that would lead to Cubism. Here they take on the character of a dismemberment, a cracking open of female anatomy, a breaking on the wheel. The expressions on these women's faces range from a mixture of agony and submission to the impassive, mask-like gaze Picasso derived from African art. It is the look of someone numb with pain.

As art critic John Richardson has pointed out, there was a direct connection between Picasso's love life and his painting. Whenever he changed mistresses, he also changed styles. The erotic and aesthetic alterations in his life sometimes came in dizzying succession. And through all the paintings of women in all the styles runs that tendency to combine idealization with ravishment, with rage. It's all so very Spanish. In the last analysis, *The Adventures of Picasso* doesn't really get Picasso right. The father and son in the film are a buffoon and a mouse. The real Picasso was a tiger. Yet for all its inadequacies and limitations, its plain silliness, the film does have an unexpected grasp of who its subject was. This enhances the comedy. Picasso was one of the greatest geniuses in the history of Western culture, one of the finest specimens that we have produced. When we stop to think that he had that side to him which Papa represents in the film, we have to laugh. If we didn't, we'd cry.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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Books: KALEIDOSCOPIC AFTER-IMAGES

FIRE IN THE STREETS

Milton Viorst

Simon and Schuster, $14.95, 591 pp.

OF KENNEDYS AND KINGS

Harris Wofford

Farrar, Straus, Giroux, $17.50, 483 pp.

Robert Hassenger

HOW do you spell relief? In 1980, nearing the end of (yet another) marathon, many would seemingly spell it N-O-N-E. Why is our choice so limited? Where are politicians who are passionate, idealistic, committed? Like John Kennedy. Or moral leaders? Such as Martin Luther King. Or, ideally, who offer both? As, for some, did Robert Kennedy.

One need not accept the president's diagnosis (with Lasch *et al.*) of a national *malaise* to feel some nostalgia for the Sixties. We know that Camelot was in large part hype; the Great Society an ideal incompatible with our Southeast Asian Deerhunt (cf. Mailer, Cimono, Coppola); that the FBI, the CIA, and presidents themselves violated the freedoms of American citizens. The revisionist historians monopolize the conventional wisdom today, and we share much of their cynicism and anti-politics. And yet . . .

Some of the people and events of a generation (sic!) past continue to fascinate us. So much seemed to be happening; our hopes were so high. What happened? Viorst and Wofford attempt to sort out the kaleidoscopic after-images, as their subtitles—"America in the 1960's" and "Making Sense of the Sixties," respectively—promise. Viorst provides a collection of vignettes; Wofford, a narrative unified by themes. Viorst has a theme of sorts, "the phenomenon of social disorder, which is what made a cohesive decade of the period from Greensboro in 1960 to Kent State in 1970." His focus is on some central figures—e.g., Allen Ginsberg, Bayard Rustin, Tom Hayden, Clark Kerr, Allard Lowenstein, Jerry Rubin—whose actions captured and reflected the decade's climate and concerns.

Wofford's is the more interesting book. He writes with more verve, if less breathlessly: his low-key style is properly modest, particularly when he was witness to history, as an early ally of Martin King; counsel to Theodore Hesburgh on the Civil Rights Commission; campaign worker, speechwriter, and talent searcher for John Kennedy; White House staffer for civil rights; founding member of the Peace Corps; and as friend and sometime co-conspirator with some of the book's *dramatis personae*.

The term is the right one, for Wofford presents issues in classic dramatic form: his heroes are comic or tragic. Additional support for the metaphor is implicit in his title, with its intentional ambiguity. Martin King's triumphs and failures are recounted, as is his victimization by the FBI's Hoover-inspired vendetta—Wofford considers this "probably the single most disturbing story of the 1960s, or perhaps of any decade in American history," and presents the particulars in some detail, concluding that a climate was deliberately created that "invited King's assassination"—providing some fascinating insights not only into Hoover and his relationship with the Kennedys, particularly the Attorney General, with whom he shared a cordial dislike, but also into the character of Martin King, and his attraction to and fear of messianism, "the last temptation."

But at center stage is our own royal family: "Reviewing and reconsidering the events of that decade, I found, to my surprise, that the character of John and Robert Kennedy, and the character of their family and its role in American life, seem as significant as the political causes they championed." Much of Wofford's most insightful reporting and commentary is about the contradictions in the personalities of his key actors, which mirror the conflicting themes of the time: JFK's "inner struggle" between cold warrior and statesman; RFK's growth from " the narrow-minded moralist of the 1950s . . . to the broad-visioned and strangely transfigured candidate for President in 1968."

Wofford's narrative provides the reader an opportunity to "make sense of" the Sixties, less from a systematic organizing perspective than *literally*: the sense—feel, almost smell and taste—of the ambience that generated what today seems the naiveté of Peace Corpsmen and non-violent protesters. As we follow the 1960 campaign and Democratic convention, for example, we learn how JFK's phone call to Coretta King—and Robert's to the Georgia judge who had refused bail to Martin—were not the result of Theodore White's "well-oiled machine," nor cynical political maneuvering: each was almost accidental; chance and misunderstanding were also at work in Johnson being asked on, then off, then back on the ticket. These did not bother JFK, who believed that " the finest strategies are often the result of accidents." (This fatalism may have been influenced by his knowledge, according to the recent biography of his early years by H. S. Parmet, that a blood disease might kill him before fifty.)

In the cabinet search, we see how important were intelligence, skepticism, pragmatism, toughness and wit, for the Kennedys, who valued such qualities highly, in themselves and others. Wofford concludes that JFK's "cool" style was not an act: he really was detached, ironic, somewhat cavalier; but he cared more deeply than he let many people see. His pragmatism was that of an FDR, not a George Washington ("I seen my opportunities and took 'em") Plunkitt. Yet he identified with Frost's "I have been one acquainted with the night."

Perhaps even better acquainted was Robert Kennedy. In Wofford's final (and best) section, "Conflicting Legacies: An American Tragedy," the essential chap-

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ter considers the "agony"—again, in the classical dramatic sense—of Robert Kennedy. Drawing heavily on his own experience, the 1964 oral history interviews with RFK (which became available only in 1979), and the Congressional investigations of the King and John Kennedy assassinations, Wofford attempts to account for "Bobby's" metamorphosis. John's development had been steady, from the "political dilettante" of his Congressional and early Senate years to the "statesman" Wofford sees Kennedy becoming in his last two years. Robert grew "by epiphanies": the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis, the violence he saw directed against blacks and civil rights workers, the power and corruption he found in the FBI and CIA. And Dallas.

Wofford believes Kennedy felt responsible for his brother's death. We have since learned some of the things he knew in 1963, and kept from the Warren Commission and other investigations: that in encouraging FBI infiltration of the KKK and organized crime, he strengthened a monster whose head hated the Kennedys and King; that his support for the drive to topple Castro helped generate the unholy alliance between the CIA and the mob, resulting in at least eight attempts to kill Castro—who knew it; that John Kennedy's withdrawal of air cover at the Bay of Pigs bitterly disappointed the anti-Castro forces we had armed and trained, who blamed him for the fiasco; that his brother had a liaison with mobster Sam Giancana's girl; and more. Wofford does not suggest which, if any, of these demons with whom RFK trafficked (as Mailer put it) might have been responsible for John Kennedy's death, or what Robert thought he should have done. But few would deny he was a changed person after Dallas, however unwilling they might be to share Wofford's judgment that Robert Kennedy was, by 1968, "one of the most appealing and promising men in the history of American politics."

There is much more to Wofford's book. His Epilogue begins to suggest some similarities and differences between John Kennedy and Jimmy Carter, to speculate on how post-Camelot anti-politics has made the presidency more demanding, and to muse about the fate of "the last Kennedy," as the primaries and caucuses were about to begin. But his heart isn't in it. Something died in him—as in many of us—in 1968, in April in Memphis, June in Los Angeles, Chicago in August, and with the election in November. It was ten years before he could begin this book. Most who read it will be grateful he did. As, I think, would Robert, Martin, and John.

A small, human part of a large movement

THE DRAGON'S VILLAGE
Yuan-Tsung Chen
Pantheon, $10.00 (285 pp.)

Nicholas R. Clifford

ONE of my colleagues, a scholar of modern Chinese literature, has deplored the capture of that writing by social scientists in the West, scholars who judge it by socio-political rather than literary standards. He is right, of course; it is rather as if Dickens and Trollope were the province of historians like Kitson Clark, or Hemingway and Faulkner the province of Arthur Schlesinger. Yet there is little doubt that most readers who turn to Yuan-tsung Chen's *The Dragon's Village* will do so not so much because of their interest in its literary merits, but rather because they are interested in the subject. It deals with the first stages of land reform under the Chinese Communists, one of the most momentous acts of the new regime and one which, it seems safe to say, marks a genuinely secular change in what many used to imagine to be the endlessly cyclical pattern of history in China.

The reforms that were set in motion by the Land Law of June 1950, sought to bring a new order (already established in those parts of China where the Communists had earlier won control) to the eighty percent of the population made up of peasants. It was a movement that brought new hope to China's millions, for the first time trying to fulfill Sun Yat-sen's old promise of "land to the tiller," and yet a movement at the same time bloody and destructive; it is commonly estimated that several millions of the Chinese people lost their lives in the terror of the early fifties, a terror heightened by the emergency following the outbreak of the Korean war. Later, of course, it would become clear that "land to the tiller" was only the first stage of the reform; by the end of the decade, the private ownership of land by the peasants had given way to the cooperatives of the mid-fifties and the communes of the Great Leap Forward. Yet it was this reform of the early fifties that finally did away with the remnants of China's gentry, that "feudal class" (in Marxist parlance) that for more than a millennium had dominated not only life in the Chinese countryside, but the positions of power in the government as well.

We see how the reform was carried out in one particular corner of China, the Dragon's Village (Longxiang) of Gansu province, a desperately poor region of the northwest, which had been a border outpost under the Han and Tang dynasties, and which remains a cultural and economic backwater today. Chen's narrator is Guan Ling-ling, a young girl who — like Chen — was born to wealth and privilege in Shanghai, and who — like Chen — threw in her lot with the new regime after the Communist victory. We see her first in Shanghai, helping a friend from her American convent school distribute radical literature before the entry of the Red Army, making the decision to stay on while her fiancé and family prepare to leave for Hongkong or Taiwan. Her education draws her at first into the world of art and literature, and there are brief glimpses of men and women like Mao Dun, Ba Jin, Ding Ling, and others of that brilliant group of leftist writers of the twenties and thirties, who had worked in or on the fringes of the Communist movement, and would now have to come to terms with a victorious Communism in their art.

There is an extremely sharp contrast between this modern world of Shanghai, and the world of Longxiang in the north-

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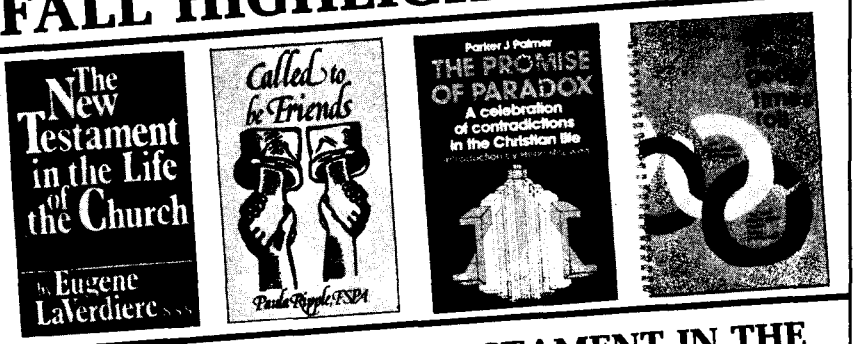
west. Into the hopelessness and deprivation of Gansu come the young cadres from the city, led by a few who had some experience of land reform elsewhere; it is their task to make friends with the peasants, identify their common interests, seek out those who might become activists. Above all, they are to show the peasants that it is possible to break out of the cycle of poverty, show them they are not doomed to the life into which they were born, show them that they can take into their own hands control of the social order. They need not believe that peasants must always be at the mercy of their landlords, or women at the mercy of their men.

Or so it should have been, to accord with the Maoist vision, and indeed perhaps for many it was this way. Chen, however, shows a more human side of land reform. Longxiang's peasants live in what Marx described as a condition of rural idiocy, conscious only of the old ways, and indeed they ignore Peking as the source of political authority, looking rather to Xian, the site of ancient Changan that was the capital of Han and Tang China. Many resent the interference of the cadres from the outside, and like the peasants in Lu Xun's stories of the twenties, they are even willing to defend the system that victimizes them. The cadres, too, are human; they are driven not only by idealism and revolutionary zeal, but also by a kind of revolutionary opportunism that sometimes leads them to ignore their ideals while advancing their personal stature within the movement. Ling-ling's own realization of these tendencies in herself is one of the most poignant and yet horrifying facets of the book. She finds herself wondering how to curry favor during a self-criticism session, or using the death of a child — beaten to death by his idiot brother — as an opportunity to impress the senior cadre to whom she is attracted.

This then, is a very human picture of a very small part of an enormous social movement. Chen's peasants are not the smiling, Mao-quoting farmers of the *China Pictorial*; indeed the name of Mao seems never to be mentioned in Longxiang, and there is more pragmatism than Marxism in the cadre's approach to the problems of the village. There is a happy ending — the land reform team holds a successful election, and the land is parceled out to the peasants. But there is an individual triumph too. Ling-ling wants to be a writer, and must make the decision not to allow herself to be frightened away from this calling by either the landlords or her Communist superiors. After the senior cadre suggests that keeping a diary may be dangerous, she has a dreadful nightmare in which nameless men search her room. "I could not care less what they called themselves," she writes of them, "Guomindang or Communist, rightist or leftist, counterrevolutionary or revolutionary. They were the same people." She wakes, and tries desperately to burn her diary, only to catch sight

FALL HIGHLIGHTS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of the flames consuming a favorite passage. It is then that she saves the rest of the pages from the fire, sits herself down, and spends the rest of the night writing down her experiences in Longxiang. Whether or not Chen went through such an episode herself is beside the point; this book is presumably built in large part on her memories of those years in the Northwest.

Picking up the fragments

FROM MAGIC TO METAPHOR

A VALIDATION OF
CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS

George S.Worgul, Jr.
Paulist, $8.95, 232 pp.

Joseph Powers

TO MY KNOWLEDGE, Worgul's book represents the first attempt to pull together in some sort of systematic fashion trends which have been developing in the understanding of the sacraments in the midst of the confusion of the post-Vatican II era. As he points out, the confusion stems partially from the "helter-skelter" pattern of the release of the reformed rites and partially from the paradigm shifts which have finally invaded the understanding of the church and its functions both in the mind of the theological "experts" and the theological "laity". The names of Geertz, Turner, Erikson, Fowler, Austin and Bellah, among others, have been heard more and more often among sacramental and liturgical theologians alongside those of Rahner, Schillebeeckx, Allaincourt, Gelineau and other more traditional experts in the history and theory of sacramental life. Theologians and liturgists alike have been searching for a way out of the theological and ecumenical impasse inherited from the counter-reformation versions of a medieval theology of the sacraments. We have seen studies on the significance of ritual for the patterns of human development, the power of civil religious ritual in a so-called "secular" society, the prescriptive and performative power of language, the reality of transcendence as a human process as well as a divine prerogative and the critical and creative character of the "limit" or marginal situation in human experience.

But the studies have been occasional and scattered. Worgul attempts (largely successfully) to bring together these divergent strands of contemporary reflection on the sacraments. His subtitle uses the expression "validation" of Christian sacraments. I take this in Gilkey's sense of the distinction between "meaning" and "validity" in which "meaning" can be discovered within human experience but "validity" needs a cultural referent beyond the structures and interests of believing communities. Accordingly the book divides into an "existential" section in which "an attempt will be made to uncover those areas of human existence which could be labeled 'religious' and 'sacramental,' " and a theological section, constructing a system which will allow an integration between the theological elements and the anthropological results.

The second section of the book surveys the insights of psychology, the sociology of religion, anthropology, language philosophy, theory of imagination and the philosophy of co-existence and transcendence to find "lines of convergence" on the meaning of ritual for individuals and societies. This serves as foundation for understanding the Christian ritual of the sacraments. Using Erikson's analysis of the role of ritual in the development of human personality and Bro's analysis of the function of ritual in the reconciliation of "binary oppositions," Worgul concludes to the psychological necessity of ritual for the healthy maturation of human personality and the resolution of fragmentation which co-defines human experience. In his survey of social sciences, Worgul moves from Austin's analysis of the "speech act" to Brinkman's analysis of ritual language to show that ritual is essential for the introduction of people into a social reality as well as for a community's sense of identity and survival in the world. He then moves through Geertz's analysis of patterns of behavior and Durand's theory of structured imagination into Brinkman's four modes of sacramental structure. Finally, he moves through the sociology of religion from Parsons to Luckmann, Berger and Bellah, to the anthropological studies of Victor Turner in order to demonstrate "ritual's indisputable role in cultural and social existence."

After a brief philosophical note on the philosophy of transcendence (Rahner) and the "co-existential" character of human existence (Levinas), Worgul moves into his exploration of the theological dimensions of the sacraments. This is an exploration into a general theology of the sacraments informed and criticized by the findings from personality and social sciences which precede. He redefines "sacrament" (in the light of the Baltimore catechism!—I suppose that we must all still deal with that), shows the inappropriateness of the post-reformation debate over the primacy of "word" vs. the primacy of "sacrament," stresses the ecclesial reality of the medieval theory of the "res et sacramentum," and breaks through the disputes about sacramental causality by moving from a matrix of "causality" to one of "encounter" and "presence." Concluding the theological section, Worgul returns to an existential method to present the sacraments as bearers of "ecclesial root metaphors," with all the power that this process involves. A

REVIEWERS

ROBERT HASSENGER *is coordinator of Structured Programs at Empire State College, State University of New York.*

FATHER JOSEPH M. POWERS, S.J., *teacher and author on sacramental theology, is professor of systematic theology at the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley.*

NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD *is chairman of the history department at Middlebury College in Vermont.*

N.E. CONDINI *is a freelance writer and critic. His work has appeared in* The Village Voice *and* Review.

JAMES R. KELLY *teaches in the sociology department at Fordham University.*

RONALD DiLORENZO *teaches in the English department at St. Louis University.*

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final reflection offers a new model for sacramental theology: a "celebration model in which the community manifests, symbolizes and makes present a . . (saving) reality-event."

Worgul's book is an impressive survey and synthesis of the impact of personality and social sciences on the understanding of sacramental language and activity. If I were to change anything, I would revise the subtitle to indicate the exploratory nature of the enterprise. So much of theology today is exploratory precisely because of the fragmentation of modern culture and the church. Further, I would re-think the christological foundations of sacramental theology as outlined in the theological section. In the fifties, Rahner and Schillebeeckx may well have used a neo-chalcedonian model for their understanding that Jesus is "sacrament of God" (viz., that, as a divine person, the actions of Jesus have a divine power for grace), but I doubt that they would speak that way today. Both point, rather, to the very experiences Worgul discusses: reconciliation, community, witness and apostolate as constitutive of the "Easter experience" and the on-going sacramental character of the church.

The bridge of negative words

A DRAFT OF SHADOWS

Octavio Paz
New Directions, $9.95, 186 pp.

Nereo E. Condini

IN THIS anthology of Octavio Paz's works published by New Directions, the impression we receive initially is that of a Mexican poet exposed for the first time to his European peers' influence and submerged in a rhetorical roil of surrealist images smacking more of virtuosity than honesty. The poems mirror Paz's experiences as his country's ambassador to India and his subsequent trips to England, France, and the United States. They are charged, even humorous, forcedly brilliant. But in them there is none of the drama faced by Paz on his return to Mexico. If at all, the joyful paganism of the Indian experience is interesting because it anticipates the essential humanism of the poet, staunch enemy of the city of stone, and melancholy lover of the passing garden of nature.

Clarity, to Paz's mind, rises when signs are erased and buildings fall; when, more and more secluded, you perfect your reality. Your introspection, your shadow, the knowledge of your self, becomes thus the real meaning of your body. Poetry is the means of this discovery. Whether as an indignant protest at the infamy of the present with its "cannibal deities," or as the painful realization that cities are petrified forests without soul, Paz's lament shapes most of the poems composed between 1971 and 1976, from "Immemorial Landscape" and "Return," through "The Petrifying Petrified," to the haunting "San Ildefonso Nocturne," in a whorl of imaginative complexity. In the city of cement, language is fragmentary; money has left its mark on every forehead; men strive to create paradise on earth, mindless that gain is only inwardly secured.

Paz is no saint or prophet, nor does he claim to be. Manipulating concepts from the Bhagavad-Gita and Saint John's Gospel he accentuates the importance of the word as an "island in a sea of perplexities" and the stand of the poet as a bulwark against history and its concern with death and the past, instead of the mobile and religious uniqueness of the present. Paraphrasing the Eliot of *The Four Quartets* and Saint Augustine's view of memory and time, Paz intimates that between light and shadow, action and contemplation, time and myth, the poet raises his bridge of negative words.

By denying the worlds, that is, by stripping them of their illusory bodies, Paz makes them actual for a moment, celebrates the reality of their obscure anonymity, their dark secrecy of pain. The incessant motion from light to total darkness and then back to light displays a concern that is not only poetic. The opposition between air and stone, and nature and the city, is also opposition between law and the spirit of the law, the body and its shadow:

Ideas scatter, the ghosts remain:
truth of the lived and suffered.
("San Ildefonso Nocturne")

This intuition is stressed to obsession in later poems where recorded sorrows—seen as shadows, flashes, echoes, and reflections—are more meaningful than the actual bodies. As a matter of fact, they are the real ones. So, though unseen, they become visible, just as the ruins of an Aztec temple become visible again in memory's eye. Poetic language is the tool that allows us this interpenetration of the visible with the invisible, of time with eternity. At this point Paz's poetry turns, for all it denials, blatantly metaphysical. Incepted as an antithesis to history and time, it then struggles to unite being and non-being in a single moment of stasis: body and soul together in the timeless synthesis of the resurrection. Even the language reneges on its former surrealist associations and gets closer and closer to the utterings of a Tao sage wait-

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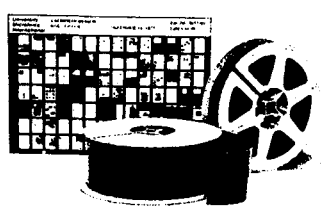

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ing in his cell for the final light to materialize: a preparatory exercise for death, the realm of vanishings and total shadow from which the world of light will emerge in all its clarity. *Pasado en claro,* the masterful title of the book:

Who will open my eyes
to that other illusion—death?
I go back to my Scriptures:
I have not been Don Quixote,
I have never undone any wrong
(though at times
I've been stoned by shepherds)
but I want, as he did, to die lucid,
with eyes open,
knowing that to die is to return,
the soul, or what we call the soul,
turned to transparency,
at one
with the three states of time
and the five directions.

In Brief

MARQUAND: AN AMERICAN LIFE, *by Millicent Bell, Atlantic-Little, Brown, $17.95, 537 pp.*

With a rare understanding Millicent Bell shows why success hung so heavy on John P. Marquand. Derived from impressive colonial American ancestry, but with diminished family fortunes and a lackluster father, young Marquand was forced to forego a fancy prep school for the local public high school, and didn't enter the right clubs at Harvard. Years later, after enormous success as a writer, he would seek to lead 4th of July parades or speak at the opening of a new A&P. He needed reassurance that he belonged, but he was never satisfied, always haunted by the feeling of being a poacher on his own turf. Bell's account of Marquand's two marriages, each to pedigreed New Englanders and each loaded with ambivalent Marquand feelings, is rich in compassionate insight.

Most disturbing of all is the way Marquand's life situation was mirrored in his art situation. He deliberately painted himself into a corner, following advice from *The Saturday Evening Post* but telling friends he should know better, or denouncing The-Book-of-the-Month-Club as a middlebrow octopus but staying on its selection board for over fifteen years. Maybe what happened was that the professional triumphed over the artist. Often in Bell's account Chekhov's Trigorin from *The Sea Gull* comes to mind. Clearly Marquand must have enjoyed his writing, but one reads sadly and in vain in Bell for a sense of Marquand's passion for literature, or of anything but a game, a gimmick, a business, or a deadline. Was his heart in it? After a full life he died, Bell says, lonely and unhappy.

RONALD DiLORENZO

ANNALS OF AN ABIDING LIBERAL, *by John Kenneth Galbraith, Houghton Mifflin, $12.95, 384 pp.* The near alliteration of John Kenneth Galbraith's title mirrors this not-quite-a-book collection of essays on economics (about 40 percent of the book), political and business swindles, personal travels, novelists, and writing. In a good chapter entitled "Writing and Typing" Galbraith approvingly observes that George Bernard Shaw said that as he grew older he became less interested in theory and more interested in information. Shaw would not have read this book. Here the author of such insightful and readable books as *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State* treates his readers not to new information but to his own literate reactions to some recent controversies and books. Among them: his FBI file (expensive and they spell his name wrong); the Australian Indian-Pacific train (relaxing, and Australia is undemanding); the Taj Mahal (a marvelous tribute); Evelyn Waugh (raised nastiness to high art); Anthony Trollope (money need not destroy art); writing (be brief); Adlai Stevenson (more amorous than erudite); Alger Hiss (to have Nixon as an accuser does not by itself make one innocent); Bernie Cornfeld (shows fools and their money can still be parted); the "global strategic mind" (uncontrollably drawn to any world map and, outside of Harvard classrooms, quite dangerous); John Dean (predictable: willing young men accountable only to their presidential creators); Richard Nixon (thought all evil disappeared if it had a precedent).

Although I did, not every reader will find each of Galbraith's recent thoughts and experiences of inordinate interest, such as his account of his stuck zipper in Australia. But the mind is lively, civilized, rational, and, the world offering such an obvious foil for such gifts, often witty. He is mostly rational in the first 12 chapters dealing with economics and economists (his 1972 presidential address at the eighty-fifth annual meeting of the American Economic Association, "Power and the Useful Economist," is placed in an appendix.) In these chapters he advances, for those familiar with his work, no new theory or argument. He explains again why economics cannot be, and never was, a non-political discipline. He repeats that all analyses of economic activity which elide the problem of power and identify economic problems in terms of market imperfections must misconstrue the problem of stagflation, the coupling of inflation and unemployment:

> . . . the large corporations, unions and numerous individuals have escaped

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the discipline of the market and gained power over their incomes. The exercise of this power drives up prices. When orthodox monetary and fiscal policy are used to arrest this upward thrust, it is production, not price that is curbed. And with the curtailment of production goes curtailment of employment. Until unemployment is very great, perhaps up in the recession range of 10 percent or more of the labor force, unemployment and inflation coexist.

For solutions Galbraith suggests that fiscal policy be aimed at increasing the buying power of the poor and that government inaugurate a system of income and price restraints over those who have gained control of prices and of income independent of market restraints.

Galbraith argues these theses in a style amiably ranging from mild irony to gentle sarcasm. His tone is that of the rational man of measured and pragmatic compassion trying to save capitalism from its myopic defenders. It is not consoling that even these modest proposals of sweet reasonability evoke such weak attention from those politicians and economists willing to guide our economic fates. But, in this collection Galbraith moves the reader on to lighter thoughts of art and swindles. *Primo Vivendi*. For an academic (even part-time) Galbraith must have become a good party person, not at all personally intrusive. Here he has the good taste to report only one personal disaster, that stuck zipper on the Indian-Pacific train.

JAMES R. KELLY

Correspondence

(Continued from page 546)

way that it has never been made before. Made with such energy, that if it is not met, the whole moral fabric of society will suffer, as it already is suffering. The failure to respond fully to that great moral demand is *deconstructing* the family, and the *deconstruction* will stop only when that demand is either withdrawn (which, hopefully, it will not be) or satisfied.

When Ms. Bethke Elshtain rightfully asks for "real structural changes in American life," the specifics of those changes do not have to remain unmentioned. The person who illustrated the article with a picture of a father nurturing his small child, knows what *family reconstruction* has got to look like.

Nothing will come right with the family until there is *full* equality between men and women, in regard to work, in regard to love, and in regard to nurturing our children.

ELI SAGAN

Probably probabilist

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: As Philip S. Kaufman presents it in his article "An Immoral Morality?" [Sept. 12], I find myself (inexpertly) on the side of probabilism. I could only wish that he had given some space to the treatment (determined by historical circumstances) in Pascal's *Provincial Letters*.

As for St. Alphonsus Liguori, didn't he, alas!, codify what I admit to considering the confessional's morbid entry into the bedroom? That, I hope, is a thing of the past.

With all of which, the expression of my highest esteem to Fr. Kaufman.

FRANCES LANZA

Looking for the core

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editors: Philip Kaufman has gracefully stated [Sept. 12] and clarified a position held by most Catholics, a position contrary to the letter of the law proclaimed in *Humanae Vitae*. A calm assurance prevails among the dissenting faithful.

Father Kaufman documents and deplores an occasional Vatican tendency to speak on moral issues with an air of certainty that is in fact far from certain, nay more, that is close to myopia. The voice occasionally speaks loudly; the unheard melodies are often both sweeter and truer.

In the midst of hints of encircling gloom, the trick is to look beyond the trimming, to search for the core of the Christian message beyond the ecclesiastical verbiage, to remain unblinking, courageous and faithful.

(REV.) HARVEY F. EGAN

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THIS FIRST OCTOBER ISSUE in an Election season serves as a good sample of the range and relevance of the comment *Commonweal* provides in every issue. And the following list of recently published articles further indicates the quality of the material consistently provided for our subscribers.

Public Affairs: Thomas B. Mechling, "The Selling of Conservatism—the American Way" . . . J. Patrick Dobel, "Let the Russians Do It" . . . The Editors, "Contesting the Congress" . . . David Riesman, "The Overriding Issue: Nuclear Catastrophe" . . . Mary Meehan, "Anderson of the Establishment" . . . Isidore Silver, "The Election and the Supreme Court" . . . The Editors, " 'Winning' a Nuclear War?" . . .

Religion: Raymond A. Schroth, "Reflections on a Jesuit University" . . . Frank S. Zepezauer, "Halfway Back" . . . Philip S. Kaufman, "An Immoral Morality" . . . Ernest W. Ranly, "Questions for the Pope" . . . John L. McKenzie, "Jesus and Divorce" . . . Jean Bethke Elshtain, "The Family in a Time of Troubles" . . . The Editors, "The Drinan Dilemma" . . .

Literature and the Arts: Gerard Reedy, "Walker Percy" . . . Saul Maloff, "The Letters of Flaubert" . . . Dennis O'Brien, "Sartre, the Man Who Said No" . . . Nicolaus Mills, "The American Luminists" . . . John C. Cort, "My Life at the Catholic Worker" . . . John Garvey, "The Voice of Blume" . . . Bernard Murchland, "Ten Commandments for Teaching" . . . Floyd Skloot, "The Newer Poetry of Thomas Kinsella" . . .

Coming in Future Issues: Articles on the Love Canal; Mohammed Milhelm, an exiled Israeli Mayor; Religious Studies in a Liberal Education; National Health Insurance; Michael Arlen and the *New Yorker;* In Defense of Marriage; Invasions of the Countryside; Belgium's 150th Anniversary; Sigrid Undset . . .

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